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CLASSICS for CHILDREN.

A THIRD
READER.

Stickney.



GINN & CO.

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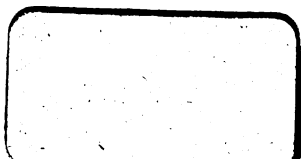
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CLASSICS FOR CHILDREN.

A
THIRD READER.

STICKNEY.



BOSTON, U.S.A. :
GINN & COMPANY,
1894.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE THIRD READER in this series is marked by the same singleness of aim which characterized the two earlier numbers.

To secure with the least outlay of time and effort the fluent, intelligent reading of this and other books is the purpose which has controlled the choice and use of all the material employed.

Attention is called to the lessons, singly and in the aggregate, for their abundant vocabulary of words and idioms, the variety and sprightliness of expression, and the facilities for training the voice and holding the attention.

It is an unquestioned principle that we read best what we best like. We have therefore endeavored to include no lesson that would not for its own sake hold a child's voluntary attention and bear reading again and again; to make the volume consist of living pictures, rendered in the language which we would wish pupils to acquire; to brighten the mind and refine the taste, and make progress pleasant and rapid in all that reading can accomplish.

Stories continued through several lessons are occasionally introduced to prepare for the reading of books; classic tales occur at frequent intervals, both for their own sake and the simplicity and purity of their diction; the poetry is chosen in large part for such memory exercise as will make it a permanent possession; love of nature, and later interest in natural history, are encouraged, and lessons of life and conduct taught insensibly by healthful example.

Teachers will recognize the omission of descriptive selections, which are generally found to be more difficult than lessons in narrative and conversational style.

Indebtedness is gratefully acknowledged to Mr. L. W. Mason for songs from the "National Music Readers," to Harper Brothers for copyrighted material ("Medio Pollito," translated from the French of Jean Mace), and to many authors whose names appear with their writings.

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GENERAL LESSONS.

VOWEL SCALES AND MARKINGS.

Long Vowels :

ē in me ; ā in ache ; â in dare ; ä in arm ; ü i in turn, firm ; a in all ; ō in old ; oo o in tool, do.

Short Vowels :

ĭ in it ; ě in end ; ă in and ; ą in ask ; ŭ ó in cup, none ; ɔ̃ in hot ; oo ʊ in foot, pull.

Diphthongs :

i in dine ; oi in coil ; ou in out ; u in rule.

Class Questions :

Sound *a* with the macron above ; *ā* with the circumflex ; two dots above ; two dots below ; the breve ; one dot.

Give examples in words of the long sound of *a* ; of *e* ; of *o* ; the broad sound of *a* ; the Italian *a*.

Tell how *o* should be marked in hot, cold, tool, tooth, wool ; how *u* should be marked in purr, put.

CONSONANTS.

baby, bay, bib, Bob ; paper, papa, pope, pipe ; fay, fife, fee, fifty ; vail, vane, vine, five ; thin, thick, thank, thrill ; that, these, those, with ; why, whoa, when, which ; ho ! how, hope, here ; did, do, dead, died ; to, tell, time, top ; ooze, zinc, freeze, sneeze ; say, so, see, cent ; pleasure (zh), treas-

ure, azure ; ash, crash, shell, shop ; June, jean, jay, jig ; chin, chick, choose, chime ; give, go, gay, good ; kind, call, keep, cook ; run, roll, rain, red ; you, yet, year, ye.

DOUBLE AND TREBLE CONSONANTS.

block, blame, bleed, blue ; brick, bray, bring, brew ; clock, cling, clear, clam ; creep, crop, cry, cream ; dream, dread, dry, draw ; dwell, dwindle ; frame, fry, free, frock ; glow, glad, glee, glide ; gray, grow, groom, grub ; play, ply, please, plum ; pray, praise, pry, prop ; quill, quell, squeeze, squad ; scold, skate, school, schrod ; smile, smell, snow, snip ; spell, spill, spry, swell ; swerve, stress, stream ; tree, trip, twit, tweed ; Tsar, wry, wring, rhyme.

casks, helps, judge, curb, gulf, depth, breadth, facts, casts, bursts, inked, wronged.

ACCENTED SYLLABLES.

In Single Words :

bree'zes, ven'ture, ov'en, rib'bon, diz'zy, a fraid', e nough', per haps', for got', re peat', suf'fer ing, beau'ti ful, gath'er ing, om'ni bus, who ev'er, for got'ten, neg lect'ed, be com'ing, o ver turn', un der neath', com pre hend', o ver joyed'.

In Lines of Poetry :

Up' the air'y moun'tain, down' the rush'y glen.
Wilt' thou fight' a bat'tle with' the cas'tle cat ?

For fra'grant air' and cool'ing breeze,
For beau'ty of' the bloom'ing trees. —

I count'ed ten crows' in the corn'field to-day'.
In days' that are sun'ny he's get'ting his hon'ey.

Do you ask' what the birds' say?

Un'der the green'wood tree, who' loves to lie' with me.

EMPHASIS.

Do you ask what the *birds* say?

The *ostrich* is the *bird of the desert*. Its *wings* cannot raise it into the air, but they help it along, like the *sails* of a boat. It is not an *easy* thing to overtake it.

Medio Pollito, a bantam pullet, by labor and frugality, once saved a hundred crowns. The king, who is always in want of money, had no sooner heard of it than he sent to borrow them.

INFLECTION.

Rising :

Did you have a pussy(/) like my little Kate(/) ?

Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight(/) ?

Falling :

There's not the least doubt of it(\), answered myself(\).

A million little jewels sparkled on the trees(\).

And all the little maidens said, "A jewel, if you please(\).

The Voice carried steadily, without Inflection (the passages are enclosed within parentheses) :

Medio Pollito (a bantam pullet), by labor and frugality, once saved a hundred crowns. The king (who is always in want of money) sent to borrow them.

The magpie was one day building her nest so neatly and whispering to herself (while she laid each straw in its place), "This upon that, this upon that" (as was her wont), when the wood pigeon came by.

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Frontispiece.

THIRD READER.

I. THE RUDE MARCH WINDS.

[Picture Opposite.]

*breez'es		a grees'		ven'ture		frol'ic some
cheeks		mood		clutch'es		who ev'er

Poor little Daisy! the March winds are rude!
Too free with the darling are they;
And she and her doggie are having hard times
To battle the breezes at play.

"I'm most blown to pieces!" cries Daisy, "oh,
dear!"

She clutches her hat with a will;
And Fido agrees that a real blowy day
Isn't pleasant on top of a hill.

For old Mr. March, one can very well see,
In a frolicsome mood is to-day,

* The Word Study should include studying out the words for pronunciation, pronouncing the syllables, sounding the vowels, and *reading* the spelling. It will be well for the teacher to use the words in ways easy to be understood.

And cares not a pin for whoever may dare
To venture across in his way.

Oh, many a kiss have they left on her cheeks,
Till she has grown rosy at last;
And, run as she may, she can hardly get rid
Of the breezes which chase her so fast.

LANGUAGE.

Who is Mr. March? How will Daisy win the battle with him? What do Daisy and Fido agree?



II. THE LITTLE COOKIE BOY.

cook'ie		òv'en		for got'ten		el'bow		squeezed
watched		bod'ies		ques'tion		ad vice'		rib'bon

1. Abby's mother made some little cookie boys. They had heads, bodies, legs, and arms. And she made two little places for eyes.

2. Abby watched her all the time she did it. She put them in the oven side by side and baked them to a pretty brown color. I will tell you the story of one of them.

3. He was taken out of the oven and laid on a plate on the table. It had been dark in the oven, but now it was light. He looked about and saw Abby and her brother and sister playing.

4. "Why," said he, "they are very large; but they are like me. I will ask them if they are big cookie boys." But Abby's mamma had forgotten to give him a mouth, so the question could not get out.

5. He saw Abby's auntie, who had curly hair. "I wonder if my hair is curly, too," he said. He tried to feel, but Abby's mamma had forgotten to give him any elbow joints, or to make his shoulder joints loose.

6. He tried to get up, but, poor fellow, he had no knees or hips. All he could do was to lie still and look around.

"I wonder what I was made for," he said.

7. Abby's mamma took him up and tied a blue ribbon around his neck. She hung him on a green tree, with little lights burning all over it. The tree was loaded with pretty things. He began to feel quite vain. "I must be beautiful, too, or I should not be here," thought he.

8. One by one the things were taken from the trees. Little faces all around looked brighter as the little arms became fuller.

9. At last our cookie boy was taken off and given to a merry little girl. She squeezed him so tight that he wanted to scream.

10. He did not think she meant to kiss him, but she put him up to her mouth. "Dear me," he said, "what is coming?" He could not look



pale, he was so brown. He could not get away, for he had no joints. But he had eyes, so he looked at the pretty rosy mouth so near him.

11. He saw one of his arms go into that mouth. Then the other went in. He wanted to cry; but before he could be sorry that he couldn't, his head was popped into the rosy mouth.

12. The merry, rosy-lipped girl said he was the best cookie boy she ever tasted. But my advice to mammas when they make cookie boys is not to give them any eyes. Then they need not look on and see themselves eaten up.

LANGUAGE.

Name things used to make the "cookie boy." Tell what parts of a real boy Abby's mamma could not make.



III. THE HURDLE RACE.

hur'dle	race' course	spa'ces	ditch	re peat'
hutch	per form'ance	raised	ought	whis'tled

1. Eddie and John had some pretty white rabbits given to them for pets. Rabbits are gentle, and the boys were so kind to them that they soon became very tame, and seemed fond of their young masters.

2. "What shall we teach them for tricks, papa?" asked Eddie. "They ought to learn to do something that wild rabbits do not know about."

"Suppose you try a hurdle race," said their papa.

3. "We don't know about it ourselves," said Eddie. "Will you tell us, and show us how?"



Both the boys and the rabbits were soon taught, and it was not long before friends were asked to come and see a hurdle race. But no one knew what the performance was to be.

4. The race-course was a dry ditch which John

and Eddie had dug. It led from the rabbit-hutch quite a long way round and back again to the hutch. Across the ditch at short spaces some sticks were placed. These were for hurdles.

5. When the time came for the race, Eddie raised the door of the hutch and whistled. Out came the rabbits, one after another, hopping along as fast as they could go.

6. As they came to a stick, they hopped over it as if they knew it was a part of the play. This made it a hurdle race, you see.

When they had gone around the course, they were back in the hutch again, and John had closed the door.

How the children did laugh and clap hands!

7. It was a funny sight.

Eddie and John were much praised. And they were often asked to repeat the performance of the hurdle race.



TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. I.

When Vio Hamblin was seven years old, her mamma sent her to school. She had learned so much at home that she was put into the second class, where they read in the Second Reader.

School ways were new to her, and there was something each day to talk over with her mamma. "You may tell me anything you like about your studies," said her mamma, "and anything that you think it would be pleasant for me to know. I should not wish my little girl to go to school to learn to be a gossip."

"What is that, mamma?" asked Vio.

"To gossip is to tell tales or carry news; to repeat whatever you hear or know, just for the sake of telling, and not for any good reason.

"But tell me now about the school. What did Miss Hill say to you?"

"She says I read with a great deal of expression, but that she shall have to do something to bring out my voice; and she praised my writing. The girls say she is *dreadfully* particular about the writing.

"To-day we studied *p* and *d* and *t*, because they are all of the same height. She says that this is the time when we must learn to make our letters exactly right. I will show you the words that we wrote."

apple bottle middle



IV. ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

[MEMORY GEM.]

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,
the dove,

The linnet and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"

In the winter they're silent—the wind is so
strong;

What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud
song.

But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,

And singing, and loving—all come back together.

But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

S. T. COLERIDGE.

V. BABY'S LAMP.

pi az'za	Lou ise'	match'es	hap'pene'd	stair'-case
lis'tened	touch	e nough'	per haps'	for got'

1. Mamma was up stairs. Papa and Birdie were out on the piazza. But where was baby?



Her real name was Louise, and she was five years old; but she was the youngest, so she was called Baby. Birdie's real name was Agnes. She was seven years old.

2. Baby was not in the house, and it was growing dark. Mamma listened. Very soon she heard footsteps going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, in the room

below. At the foot of the stair-case they stopped, and it was still again. Mamma called, "Baby!"

3. "What is it, mamma?"

"Are you all alone?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Why do you not go out on the piazza where papa and Birdie are? I can't come down just yet."

"I'll sit here, mamma. I'm not afraid. I have a light."

4. "You didn't touch the matches, did you, Baby? I told you not to."

"No, mamma. I caught some fire-bugs out on the lawn. I'll keep them till you come down. They make a nice light, only it keeps going out and coming again."

5. When mamma came down soon after, there sat Baby on the lowest step with some fire-bugs in an old bottle. Her golden curly hair looked like real gold in the light of her little lamp.

Then papa and Birdie came in. "We will light a real lamp now, Baby," said papa. "Maybe we had better let the pretty bugs go."

6. "Oh, no, papa, don't let them go. I had such a hard time catching them."

So papa said no more about the matter; but soon after, at bedtime, when mamma was reading a little Bible story to Birdie and Baby,

something funny happened to Baby's lamp. At least it was a funny thing to have happen to a lamp.

7. Each little bright spark spread its brown wings and flew away, nobody knows where. Perhaps papa knew something about it, but he did not tell, and Baby forgot to ask him. The old bottle was found lying among the rose-bushes near the window. But the pretty bugs were gone, and after that the wisest man in all the world could not have found Baby's lamp.

LANGUAGE AND PUNCTUATION.

The little straight mark in stair-case, pit-a-pat, fire-bug, and rose-bushes is called the **HYPHEN**. Write the words, putting each in a sentence.

SPELLING.

a fraid'		a lone'		gold'en		hap'pen
be low'		a gain'		mat'ter		per haps'

Use these words, one at a time, or perhaps two, to say something to one of your classmates.

NATURAL HISTORY.



The male Glowworm is the one with wings. The real *lady-bug* has none. The light comes from between the little rings that make the body.



VI. KITTY'S BASKET RIDE.

trel'lis	pit'eously	diz'zy	climb	cling'ing
reached	fright'ened	stu'pid	rath'er	a fraid'

1. Once I had a little black and white kitten. She was very cunning and playful, but she was not very wise.

2. On one side of our house was a high grape trellis. One morning kitty went out and began to climb this trellis. She put one little paw before the other, and went bravely up, up, up, till she reached the top. Then she looked down to the ground and mewed piteously. I suppose when she looked down and saw how very far off the ground was, she was frightened and dizzy.

3. When I heard her cry, I ran out to see what was the matter. There stood kitty on the very top of the trellis, clinging to the slats with her little paws. The fur stood up all over her back and tail, she was so frightened. "Mew! mew!" she cried.

4. I saw how badly she felt and how afraid she was of falling. I tried to think of some way to help her. I got a basket and tied the handle to a long pole. Then I took hold of the pole and



held the basket up as high as I could reach. Then I called, "Kitty, Kitty," and, with a spring, down she came into the basket.

5. I took her down and into the house. She seemed so glad to be safe on the ground once more that I thought she would never do that foolish thing again.

6. But every morning this stupid little kitten would climb the trellis just the same, and have to be taken down in the basket. I suppose she

thought it fun to climb up, and I think she rather enjoyed the ride down in the basket.

LANGUAGE AND PUNCTUATION.

The little marks around "Mew! mew!" and "Kitty, kitty," are called QUOTATION MARKS. What is between the two is *a quotation*. Write sentences with these quotations, and place the marks around what is quoted. Notice that the marks are commas, and that two of them are "commas wrong side up," that is, *inverted* commas.

SPELLING.

bas'ket		stood		reach		safe'ly
suppose'		bad'ly		spring		climb



VII. GRANDMOTHER TOAD AND BRIGHTYES.

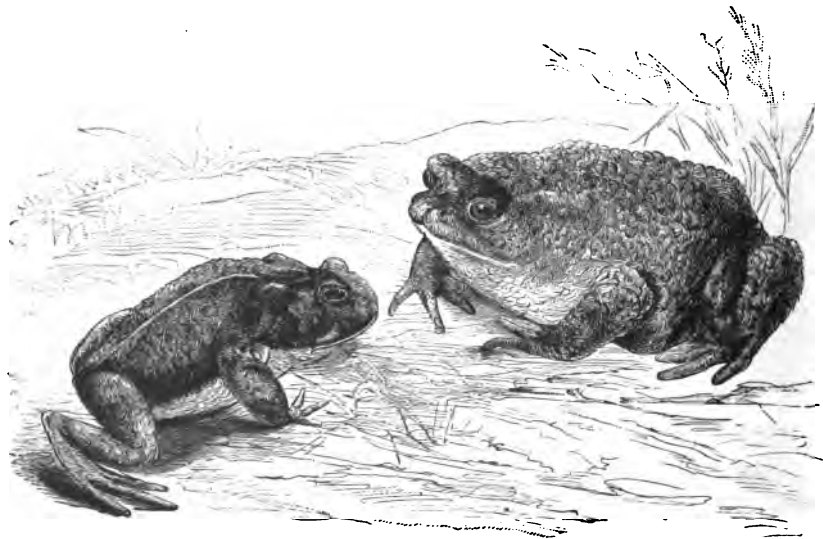
niece		Bright eyes		tongue		scratched		grand'daughter
Grace		trow'el		laugh		poked		e nough'

1. My little niece Grace lives in the country. In the summer I go to visit her.

2. Close by the steps of the house in which she lives is quite a good-sized hole. In it lives,— what do you suppose? You might guess, and you might not. I'll tell you. It is the home of Grandmother Toad and her granddaughter Brighteyes. Grace and I have tamed them.

3. When I am there I take little Grace by the

hand and say, "Come, we must go down into the garden and find a damp place to get some supper for Grandmother Toad and Brighteyes." We have with us a trowel, and after digging a few minutes we find enough worms for their



supper. They have to get their own breakfast and dinner.

4. Did you ever see a toad eat? If you have not, try sometime to feed one. I know you will laugh when its tongue comes out and so quickly folds back again.

5. One day last summer I took a walk around

the yard and down into the garden. I met Brighteyes there; she kept so very close to me that I said, "Want to go to sleep, Brighteyes?"

6. I took a little stick and scratched her head, and soon she was fast asleep. When I thought she had slept long enough I told her to wake up; but she did not want to do so. I poked her gently with the stick and tried to make her jump, but it was some little time before she was wide awake.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The picture illustrates. (1) The large, full eyes. (2) The very wide mouth. (3) The absence of a neck. (4) The long hind legs, with flexible joints, and toes turned outward. (5) The short fore legs, with spreading toes turned inward. (6) The dark color, and rough, warty surface of back, and light color of lower parts. From these, seeing what is in front or at either side without turning the head, ease in catching insects, the long leaps, the power of digging in soft mud, or climbing banks, can be easily inferred.

LANGUAGE AND PUNCTUATION.

There are three questions in this story. Find them, and notice that the same little mark (?) is after each. It is the mark of INTERROGATION. Interrogation *means* question. Write a question, and use the mark. Supply what is *missing* in "Want to go to sleep, Brighteyes?"

SPELLING.

vis'it
close

laugh
guess

gar'den
a sleep'

gent'ly
a wake'

Use these words in sentences.

VIII. SIX NICE DUCKS.

dove	curled	a head'	bot'tom	grubbed
ruled	feath'ers	swam	broad	snapped



There were six nice ducks
that I once knew,
Fat ducks and pretty
ducks they were too.
And one had a feather
curled up on his back,
And he ruled the others
with his

“Quack! Quack! Quack!”

Across the green fields those ducks would go,
Widdle, waddle, wuddle, all in a row;
But the one with a feather curled up on his back
Was always ahead, with his

“Quack! Quack! Quack!”

Here a fat bug, and there a small toad,
They snapped up quickly while on the road;
But the one with the feather his broad bill would
smack

As he ate the biggest with his

“Quack! Quack! Quack!”

Into the brook they went with a dash,
They swam through the water with many a
 splash;
But the one with a feather curled up on his back
He swam the fastest, with his
 "Quack! Quack! Quack!"



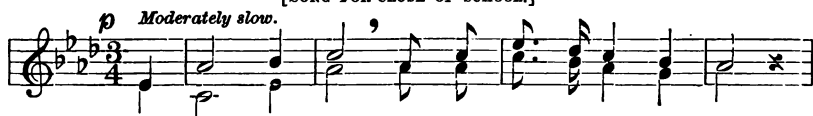
Some dove to the bottom, pink feet in air,
And grubbed in the mud for fat worms rare.
But the one with a feather of worms had no lack;
For he stayed the longest, with his
 "Quack! Quack! Quack!"

If I told you all that these ducks did,
 What nice times they had in the meadow hid,
 The one with a feather curled up on his back
 Would fill half the story with his
 "Quack! Quack! Quack!"



IX. GOOD NIGHT.

[SONG FOR CLOSE OF SCHOOL.]



1. Good night! good night! now to all a kind good night!
2. Good night! good night! now to all a kind good night!



An-gel-like, while earth is sleep-ing, Stars a-bove their
 Slum-ber sweet-ly till the morn-ing, Till the sun, the



watch are keep-ing, As the star of Beth-lehem
 world a - dorn - ing, Rise in all his glor-ious



bright. Good night!.. Good night!.. Good night!
 night! Good night!.. Good night!.. Good night!

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. II.

"This was our lesson to-day, mamma," said Vio. "We wrote on this ruled yellow paper, and Miss Hill said those who wrote well might keep their papers. The others will have to use slates till they make the loops all just alike."

hook fill ball hill
book kill buff full

"You see mamma," she added, "they have to be *exactly* the same height, and to cross at the height of the low letters,—*i, o, a, and u*; and the line mustn't *bend* the least bit where it crosses. Miss Hill says it will not do to have crooked-backed letters.

"There were only a few that had their papers to keep. She told one of the boys that his *f* looked as if he was thinking of his bow and arrow when he made it.

"I am very glad now that you were so particular with me. I should not like to write worse than the others."

X. WE THANK THEE.

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
 For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;
 For song of bird and hum of bee;
 For all things fair we hear or see,—
 Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
 For pleasant shade of branches high;
 For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
 For beauty of the blooming trees,—
 Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother-love and father-care,
 For brothers strong and sisters fair;
 For love at home and school each day;
 For guidance, lest we go astray,—
 Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For thy dear, everlasting arms,
 That bear us o'er all ills and harms;
 For blessed words of long ago,
 That help us now thy will to know,—
 Father in heaven, we thank thee!

XI. PIGGY'S FLIGHT.

lis'tened	crea'ture	min'ute	shoul'ders	heart'ily
choked	pick'et	obliged'	pinch	guess

1. Willie went to ride one day with his mother. As they turned a corner, Kittie, the horse, pricked up her ears and listened. The others listened too.

2. There were cries, very loud cries, from something behind the fence by the road.

"What can it be?" said Willie's mother. "Some poor creature is in pain."

3. In a minute Willie saw a poor little pig held fast in the fence. He had tried to get through, and see the world on the other side. He pushed his head through, but his plump shoulders wouldn't go.

4. "Wee, wee, wee!" he cried, as loud as he could. "I'm caught! Oh, I'm caught! Wee, wee! Come and help me! Won't somebody come?"



5. He was almost choked. Willie's mamma stopped the horse, and Willie jumped out and ran to piggy. He tried to get him out, but it was of no use. Piggy was fast. Willie could



neither pull him through nor push him back.

6. "Go to the house, quick, Willie, and tell somebody," said mamma.

7. Willie went, and an old man came. He, too, tried to get piggy out; but it was of no use. Poor piggy's cries were growing fainter and faint-

er. At last the old man picked up a large stone. He pounded a picket off the fence on one side of the pig. This crowded it away so that piggy could pull his head back.

8. "Ugh, ugh, ugh!" he grunted behind the

fence. "Ugh! I'm safe, but, oh, dear! how that fence did pinch! I won't try that again!—Ugh!"

9. "I'm very much obliged to you," said the old man heartily. "I guess I should have lost him if you had not told me."

10. "Ugh, ugh, ugh!" grunted piggy behind the fence. "I guess you would!"

LANGUAGE AND PUNCTUATION.

The mark after "Wee, wee, wee!" and "Ugh, ugh, ugh!" is the **EXCLAMATION POINT (!)**. It is used thirteen times in this lesson.

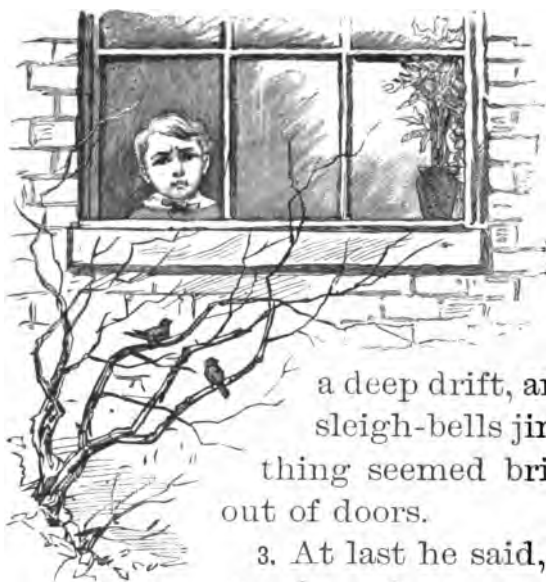
What the old man said to Willie meant the same as "Thank you." Write the words he used. Tell what Willie might have said in reply.

XII. WHAT BEN WOULD RATHER BE.

pout'ing		sleigh'-bells		cir'cus		om'ni bus		for got'ten
sleigh'ride		butch'ers		el'e phants		crack'ers		believe'

1. Little Ben felt very cross one morning. He would not speak a pleasant word to anybody. He cried because grandma would not let him go out and play in the wet snow. His mamma was away from home, and grandma did not want him to take cold.

2. Ben sat by the window and pouted. He



looked out and saw the birds hopping about over the snow and picking up crumbs. He saw the butcher's dog tumbling through

a deep drift, and he heard the sleigh-bells jingling. Everything seemed bright and merry out of doors.

3. At last he said, "I don't think that boys have any good times at all. I should rather be a dog than to be a boy. I should rather be a bird, too. Then I could play in the snow as much as I wanted to."

4. "I am sorry to hear my little Ben talk in such a foolish way," said grandma. "I don't think that dogs or birds have one-half the good times that boys do."

5. "I think they have better times," said Ben; and he kept on pouting and looking out of the window.

6. Grandma did not reply, but after Ben had had a little time to think, she said,—

“I know a little boy who went to the circus with his grandpa and had a very nice time. He saw the horses, the ponies, and the elephants, and he rode home in the big omnibus. He had enough to talk about for a whole week. I never knew any dogs or birds that went to a circus with their grandpas.”

7. Ben began to remember the nice time she spoke of, but he did not say a word. After awhile grandma went on: “I know a little boy who is so happy when the Fourth of July comes that he gets up before daylight to beat his drum and fire his crackers.



I don't believe that dogs know anything about the Fourth of July.”

8. “I don't believe they do, either, grandma,” said Ben; and he could not help smiling.

9. “That same little boy hung up his stocking last Christmas,” said grandma presently, “and, oh, what pretty presents he had in it! And what

pretty presents he had that were too large to be put into a stocking! I don't think that Santa Claus brings presents to dogs and birds."

10. Little Ben could not be cross any longer, and he laughed aloud. "Why, I'm that boy, grandma," he said; "and I do have lots of good times."

11. "That's just what I thought," said grandma. "I knew you must have forgotten about some of the things that children enjoy so much;" and she laughed, too, at the sight of his funny face.

12. "I was foolish to say what I did," said Ben; "but I feel better now."

13. Little Ben was pleasant and happy all the rest of the day. He helped grandma as much as he could. He was very glad when her spool dropped so that he could pick it up for her. And the next morning, when it was clear and bright, he went out and had a fine sleighride with his grandpa.

LANGUAGE AND PUNCTUATION.

There are two new marks in this lesson. In paragraph 7, after on, is the COLON (:); and there are five SEMICOLONS (;). See if you can find them.

XIII. A QUEER PLACE FOR A BIRD'S HOME.

trav'el ler
pre pared'

chafed
groaned

jour'ney
search'ing

spied
co'sily

1. One evening last summer a tramp, who had travelled many miles, lay down on the leaves in a pleasant wood to sleep. Before he went to sleep he pulled off one shoe, for it had



chafed
his foot
and made
it very sore.

2. In the morning he rose, and prepared to go on to beg his morning meal.

When he tried to put on his shoe, it hurt his foot so badly that he groaned aloud. He gave up trying to wear it, and threw it into the bushes.

3. The shoe caught in the fork of a young maple-tree, and hung fast by the heel, with the toe downward. The poor man limped away on his journey, and went I don't know where.

4. Before many days a bright-eyed little bird spied the shoe. She thought it would be a fine place to build a home in. So she and her mate brought fine twigs and straw and leaves in their bills. They placed them in the shoe in pretty nest-shape, and lined their new house with soft hair and wool.

5. Beth and her papa were out searching the woods for wild-flowers one day. The shadow of the shoe fell on the moss beneath the little maple.

6. Looking up, Beth saw the nest. Her papa bent the maple down, and Beth looked in. She saw five cunning little blue eggs lying cosily against the gray lining.

7. Beth is a tiny girl, just past being rocked to sleep in mamma's lap. She laughed aloud, and clapped her fat little hands for joy, when she saw this dainty sight.

8. "There will be birds here before long," said her papa, "and you shall come to see them."

LANGUAGE AND SPELLING.

bushes	hurt	limped	a gainst'
leaves	sore	lined	a loud'

Use these words in conversation.



XIV. WHAT A BIG MAN AM I!

dis'trict	sol'diers	believe'	fierce'ly	shoul'der
re cite'	plumes	sword	kitch'en	cap'tain

1. Tommy Stiles lived on a farm, and went to a district school. He was a bright boy, and learned his lesson quickly.

2. But he liked best to hear the older children recite. He liked to hear of wars, and the brave deeds of soldiers. One fine June day Tommy thought he would play soldier himself, and go to war. He put on an old red vest which his father wore in the brass band. His mother made him a paper soldier-cap, with plumes. He had a wooden gun, a tin sword, and a small drum.

3. There was no other boy there to play with him, and so he "made believe" he was the whole army. He was Captain Thomas, and Tommy

the drummer-boy, and Tom the soldier,—and all three were the army.

4. Then Captain Thomas said, "Forward, march!" and waved his sword. Tom shouldered his gun. Tommy beat the drum,—but this was not easy, for Tom's gun and Captain Thomas' sword kept getting in the way. Then the army marched to the field behind the barn.

5. Up and down it filed, back and forth, now quick, now slow. Indeed, now and then it hopped! Captain Thomas had to call out to Tom pretty often to keep step. But there was no fault to find with Tommy. He drummed so hard that he scared the hens and sheep.

6. All went well, save for one thing. Once Tom ran so fast that he tumbled down, and bumped the army's nose against a stone. Then Captain Thomas was angry, and scolded poor Tom well, I can tell you.

7. At last a grand charge was made. The army raced after Spot, the calf, and thumped the drum, and shook the sword, and threw stones. (This was firing the gun.) Poor Spot was put to flight. He ran off up the hill, with his heels and tail flying wildly in the air.

8. Then the army marched back to the garden

fence, and Captain Thomas made a speech. "Soldiers," said he, "we have whipped the whole world, and it has run away. I did it with my sword. Now I must be the king."



9. Just then Trix, the gray goose, stretched her neck through the fence and bit Tommy on the leg. The captain, the drummer, and the whole army raised a loud yell, while Trix hissed fiercely.

10. Then down went the drum, and the gun, and the sword. The army limped off as fast as it could to the kitchen. Had you seen Captain Thomas, soon after, sobbing on his mother's lap, you would not have dreamed that he was the little man who had just "whipped the whole world."

ADVICE.—Do not boast of what you have not done. Some old gray goose may hear you.

LANGUAGE AND PUNCTUATION.

The mark after soldier, in paragraph 3, is not a hyphen but a DASH (—). Find a dash in paragraph 4.

The two marks in paragraph 7 that enclose "This was firing the gun." are called the PARENTHESIS ().



XV. BIG BOY AND LITTLE MAMMA.

fright'en		whis'per		ter'rible		touch		gloom'y
an'swer		laugh'ing		per'fectly		coax'ing		ar'rows

Mamma, my dear, if a robber should come,
 A terrible robber, one night, you see,
 I'd frighten him off with my sword and drum,
 And you would be perfectly safe with me.

And if you and I in a gloomy wood
Should meet a bear as we walked one day,
With my bow and arrows, like Robin Hood,
I would drive the fierce old bear away.

But now I am tired, and sleepy, too,
And I wish mamma would lift me down.
There's a laughing look in her eyes of blue,
And they answer her boy's so big and brown.

She feels on her lips his coaxing touch,
And clasps him fast in her loving hold,
And she whispers, "I'll never fear robber much,
Unless he should steal this heart of gold."



Don't be in a pet;
You never should fret,
But laugh and try to
be good.
You never should scold,
Do what you are told,
As little ones always
should.



XVI. THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

1. In a pleasant village, far away, there once lived a little girl, who was one of the sweetest children ever seen.

Her mother loved her dearly; and as to her grandmother, she said the little one was the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart. This good old dame had a little hood of scarlet velvet made for her darling; and it was so becoming to the little girl that for miles around she was known as Little Red Riding Hood.

be com'ing scar'let ail'ing re plied'
--

2. One day her mother baked some cakes and made fresh butter. "Go," she said to Little Red Riding Hood, "and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother; for she has been ailing, I hear, and is now ill in bed."

3. Little Red Riding Hood was a willing child and liked to be useful, and besides, she loved her grandmother dearly. So she put the things in a basket and set out at once for the village where her grandmother lived, on the other side of the wood.

4. Just as she came to the edge of the wood Red Riding Hood met a wolf, who said to her, "Good

morning, Little Red Riding Hood." He would have liked to eat her on the spot, but some woodcutters were at work hard by, and he feared they might kill him in turn.

5. "Good morning, Master Wolf," replied the little girl, who had no thought of being afraid.

"And where may you be going?" said the wolf.

sim'ple-heart'ed
nose'gay
knocked
bob'bin
sleeve
enough'
(enuff')
straw'ber ries
guessed

"I am going to my grandmother's," replied Little Red Riding Hood, "to take her a cake and a pot of butter, for she is ill."

6. "And where does poor grandmother live?" asked the wolf.

"Down past the mill on the other side of the wood," said the simple-hearted child.

7. "Well, I don't mind if I go and see her, too," said the wolf; "so I'll take this road, and do you take that, and we'll see which will be there first."

He knew well enough that he had the nearest way, for he could dash through the underbrush, and swim a pond, and so by a very short cut bring himself to the old dame's door. He guessed, too, that the little girl would stop to gather strawberries in the wood, and make a nosegay of sweet flowers for her old grandmother.

8. And sure enough, the wolf, who cared neither for strawberries nor wild flowers, was very soon at the cottage.

He knocked at the door with his paw, thump! thump!

9. "Who is there?" cried grandmother.

"It's I, your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood, come to see how you are, and to bring you a cake and a pot of butter," said the wolf, as well as he could. He made his voice sound like that of the little girl.

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," called the grandmother from her bed.

10. The wolf pulled the bobbin, and in he went. Without a word he sprang upon the old woman and ate her up in no time, for he had not tasted food for three days.

11. Then he shut the door, and got into the grandmother's bed, but first put on her cap and nightgown. He laughed in his sleeve to think of the trick he was to play upon Little Red Riding Hood, who must soon be coming.

WRITE

What the wolf said *first* to the little girl, and her reply. Notice the places where capitals and marks of punctuation are to be used.

XVII. LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Part II.

All this time Little Red Riding Hood was on her way through the wood.

She stopped to listen to the birds that sang so sweetly over her head; she picked the sweet strawberries that her grandmother liked, and she made a bright nosegay of the flowers that sprang all along her way.

A wasp buzzed about her head and lighted on her flowers. "Eat as much as you like," she said; "only do not sting me." He buzzed the louder, but soon flew away.

And a little bird, a tom-tit, came and pecked at the strawberries in her basket. "Take all you want, pretty tom-tit," said Little Red Riding Hood; "there will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." "Tweat, tweat," sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

And now she came upon an old dame who was looking for cresses. "Let me fill your basket," she said, and she gave her the bread she had brought to eat by the way.

The dame soon rose, and patting the little maid upon the head, said, "Thank you, Little Red

Riding Hood; and now, if you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray give him my respects, and tell him there is game in the wind."

Little Red Riding Hood looked all about for the green huntsman. She had never seen or heard of such a person before.

At last she passed by a pool of water, so green that you would have taken it for grass. As often as she had passed that way she had never seen it before. There she saw a huntsman, clad all in green. He stood looking at some birds that flew above his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Huntsman," said Little Red Riding Hood; "the water-cress woman sends her respects to you, and says there is game in the wind."

The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen; then he took an arrow, and strung his bow. "What can it mean?" thought the little girl.

She came soon to her grandmother's cottage, and gave a little tap at the door. "Who's there?" cried the wolf.

The hoarse voice made Little Red Riding Hood start; but she said to herself, "Poor grandmother must have a bad cold."

"It's I, your Little Red Riding Hood," she said. "I've come to see how you are, and to bring you a pot of butter and a cake from mother."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the wolf. Little Red Riding Hood did so, and went into the cottage.

"Put the cake and butter on the table," said the wolf; "then come and help me to rise." He had hid his head under the bed clothes.

She took off her things, and went to the bed to do as she had been bidden. "Why, grandmother," she said, "what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear," said the wolf.

"And, grandmother, what long ears you have!"

"The better to hear you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!"

"The better to see you, my dear."

"But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

"The better to eat you with, my dear," said the wolf; and he was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding Hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside, a pretty tom-tit, said, "Tweat, tweet!" This told the green huntsmen it was time to let fly his arrow, and the wolf was killed on the spot.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. III.

you gong quizz judge

One morning Miss Hill wrote these four words upon the board. None of the class knew what they were to do with them.

"I think it's a language lesson," said Bertha Lane at recess;" and I've thought of a way to use all but *quizz*. A gong, you know, is a kind of bell, and *judge* was in my last Sunday-school lesson."

"Will you please tell us what the words are for, Miss Hill?" asked Katie Cameron, who never could bear a secret.

"They are for you to write; one of them, *quizz*, is not a word, but there is a word *quiz*; it tells the look your eyes have had in them all the morning, when you looked at the board. I want you to look at the letters with loops *below* the line, and to make *y, g, q, z, zz, and j.*"

"We thought it was a language lesson," said Ida Bartlett.

"Suppose we make it one," said the teacher.
 "Who will be the first to use the words?"

thumbs
boughs
ruf'fle
wren



pardon
for'est
prim'rose
house

The mark under *s* in *house* is the SUSPENDED BAR. It shows that *s* is to be sounded like *z* in this place.

XVIII. WISHING.

[MEMORY GEM.]

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,
A bright yellow primrose blooming in the spring!
 The stooping boughs above me,
 The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the elm-tree for our king!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm-tree,
A great, lofty elm-tree with green leaves gay!
 The winds would set them dancing,
 The sun and moonshine glance in,
The birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a robin,
 A robin or a little wren, everywhere to go;
 Through forest, field, or garden,
 And ask no leave or pardon,
 Till winter comes with icy thumbs
 To ruffle up our wings!

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
 Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
 Before a day was over,
 Home comes the rover,
 For mother's kiss,—sweeter this
 Than any other thing.

W. ALLINGHAM.

NATURAL HISTORY.—THE PRIMROSE.

Find the corolla in the Primrose blossom, and tell into how many petals it is cut at the outer edge. The leaves grow directly from the root; that is, without stems.

The Primrose is not a wild flower in our country; but yellow, white, purple, or rose-colored ones may be seen growing in gardens or in boxes.

SPELLING.—Words with *silent* letters.

thumb,	crumb,	numb,	dumb.
wren	wrap	wry	write
wreath	wrath	wrist	wreck
wring	wrote	wrung	wrong

XIX. MY COUNTRY.

Moderato.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I
 2. My na - tive coun-try! thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I

sing: Land where my Fa - thers died, Land of the Pil - grim's pride;
 love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;

From ev - 'ry moun - tain-side Let Free - dom ring.
 My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. IV.

“What are you doing at school, Vio?”

“We write words in our reading lesson. To-day we had words with silent letters. Miss Hill said silent letters were like what her mother used to say children should be, ‘seen and not heard.’

“One day we wrote the names of our town, county, state, and country, and almost every day we direct a letter to some one.”

XX. MADAM SPARROW'S FIRST NEST.

grand'moth'er	tilt'ed	bram'bles	tangled
an'swered	fin'ished	lin'ing	thick'et

elm, eyes, wool, wove, such, were, straw, kept.



YOUNG Madam Sparrow sat swinging on the branch of an elm one morning in spring.

Other birds were busy all around. They were hopping over the ground, and picking up dry grass and bits of straw. When their

bills were full they would fly away to the places where

their nests were to be. Then they

would come back to get more. And so they kept going and coming while Madam Sparrow tilted on her branch and watched them.

2. By and by Grandmother Redbreast said to her, "Why do you stay in the tree? You had better go to work with the rest of us. Do you not want a nest?"

3. "Oh, yes," answered Madam Sparrow, "I should like to have a nice nest, but I cannot find anything to make it of. I do not want such

coarse grass and sticks as you use; I want some fine hay and hair."

4. Grandmother Redbreast was old and wise, and she said, "Birds can always find all they need for a nest; but they have to look for it. It is very pleasant to sit on a branch and swing, but if you do not work, you will never have a nest. It will do no good to wish for it. You must come down to the ground, and keep your eyes open, and hop about. Then you will be sure to find what you need, for the world is full of things to work with."

5. So Madam Sparrow came down, and began to hop about on the ground. First she chose a spot for her nest, under a green bush. Then she looked around among the rocks and stones, and ran along on the walls and fences. She soon found a plenty of fine dry grass to make the outside of the nest.

6. Then she hopped about again to find something soft for the lining. She came to a thicket of brambles. Here she saw some wool caught on the briers, and in another place she saw some hair tangled on a rail. She took the wool and hair and wove them together, and made a nice lining for the inside of the nest.

7. When it was finished, Grandmother Red-breast said, "This is very good indeed"; and the other birds said that the nest under the green bush was a very pretty one. So Madam Sparrow was much pleased that she had built it. She was glad to know that the world was full of things to work with if she would only look for them.

LANGUAGE.— DICTATION.

I have a cold. It makes me —.

(Use a word that rhymes with *coarse*.)

It makes Julie — to swing.

(Use a word that rhymes with *busy*.)

The sparrow was shot with an —.



XXI. TWO FROGS AND TWO BOYS.

bull'frogs		boast'ing		whacks		lan'guage		plunged
acquaint'ed		won'derful		neigh'bers		mon'ey		puffed

1. Two small boys, who had always lived in the city, went one summer to spend a few weeks with their aunt in the country.

2. Just below a little hill near the farm-house was a pond. On the first day of their visit, after it began to grow dark, the boys went out to throw stones into the pond.

Cu-chug! went a stone into the water; and then another, cu-chug!



3. Now two very old bullfrogs were sitting on the end of a log in the pond. They were talking

about old times, and boasting how far they could jump when they were young.

4. When they heard the stones strike the water, one of them puffed up his cheeks and said in Greek, which everybody knows is the language of bullfrogs, "Brek-ek-eks co-ax."

"Co-ax, co-ax," said the other frog, and they both plunged in, thud! thud!



5. The boys ran home in great fright, and told their aunt that there was some strange thing in the pond that said, "Break their necks with whacks, whacks, whacks," and then struck the water two hard blows.

"Oh," said their aunt, "those are neighbors of mine, and very nice people. Did you see them?"

6. "No, indeed," said the boys; "we ran."

"You should have stayed to see them."

"Tell us how they look, auntie."

7. "Very bright and wide awake, and always well dressed. Their coats look like satin, and they wear white vests every day. But you must see for yourselves. They won't break your necks.

8. "To-morrow night you had better begin to get acquainted with them. You pay money in the city to go and see what is not half so wonderful as the things they can do."

"But who are they, auntie?"

"We call them the frogs."

PUNCTUATION.

Find in this lesson the period, comma, semicolon, marks of exclamation, interrogation, quotation, the apostrophe, and hyphen.



XXII. THE CHIPMONK.

fa'vor ite	mis ta'ken	còm'fort	chest'nuts	hos'pit al
chip'monk	plead'ing	res'ident	un der neath'	o ver turned'

1. When Nell came home from school one day, she found her favorite kitten with a little chipmonk in her mouth. It was the chipmonk which had lived in the hollow tree in the garden. He had paid flying visits to the piazza all summer, and was almost as well known as the kitten herself.

2. It was plain that puss had mistaken him for a mouse. She was a full-grown cat now, and she thought it quite time she began to be a hunter.

3. Nell gave chase across the garden, in among the tangle of rose-bushes, where the kitten fled with her booty.



4. She found it hard to follow, though she could see the bright eyes of the chipmonk. They were full of pain and pleading, as if he begged her to take his side.

5. At last puss was caught and shaken till she dropped the chipmonk. Poor little thing! He could only limp away and hide himself.

6. Nell hoped his friends would take care of him. But at night the poor, hurt fellow hobbled towards the piazza, and seemed to want comfort. He was too feeble to keep himself from the cat's paw, if she had come near.

7. Nell made a little house for him in the garden, of a small box. She raised it upon four stones at the four corners, so as to give him air. She slipped water and chestnuts underneath for his supper.

8. A good doctor came to the house, the next day, and Nell asked him to look at his wounds. He said the chipmonk would get well, with care.

Thanks to Nell, he would soon have been able to leave his hospital, and be a resident of the old hollow tree.

9. But somebody, passing through the garden after dark, overturned the box. When Nell went to feed her squirrel in the morning, she found nothing but some empty nutshells. Nell never knew whether puss got him after all, or whether he ran away to find a safer home.

Another little girl had a kitty who caught a squirrel. Would you like to read about it?

LANGUAGE.

Use the words at the head of the lesson in some ways that are all your own; that is, not like the use in this story.



XXIII. THE SIX DOVES.

ear'ly		starved		fault		suff'erings		for got'
stale		mon'ey		learned		neglect'ed		near'ly



WHEN Jimmy was seven years old, his father gave him six pretty doves for a birthday gift. Jimmy put them in a large box in the yard, and sent for all the boys he knew to come and see them.

2. For a time the doves had very good care. Jimmy fed them every day, and they would eat corn from his hand. But he soon grew tired of caring for his pets. Winter came on, and he did not like to go out in the cold to give the doves food and water.

3. One day he did not go to feed them because it snowed. The next day he went to a snowball fight, and did not get home until dark. He ate his supper and went to bed, thinking he would feed his doves early the next morning. But he forgot all about it until nearly noon. Then the cook said she had no stale bread to spare.

4. Jimmy went to his mother and asked her for five cents to buy some corn for them. His mother gave him the money, and he ran off to buy the corn. But on his way he passed a candy store, and the candy looked so nice he felt that he must have some of it. So he spent the five cents for gum-drops.

5. Then he went to play with another boy, and did not go home until dark. He was afraid his mother would ask him if he had bought the corn; so he went to bed as soon as he could. The next morning he got some bread from the cook, and went to feed his doves. He opened the door of the box, but the doves did not come out. He looked in, and saw two of them lying dead on the floor of the box.

6. They had starved to death, and were quite cold and stiff. The other four doves were too weak to eat the bread, and they all died that

night. Oh, how sorry Jimmy was that he had spent the five cents on candy for himself!

7. His mother was not sure his sorrow would cure him of his fault. She told him it was a



very grave thing to think so little of the needs and sufferings of others. She sent him to bed without any supper, that he might know what it was to be hungry. Jimmy cried until he fell asleep. But he learned a good lesson; for he never neglected another pet.

LANGUAGE.

Use the word *stale* to describe some other food than bread. Use another word to tell about the bread. Find other words for *neglected*.

XXIV. OBEDIENCE.

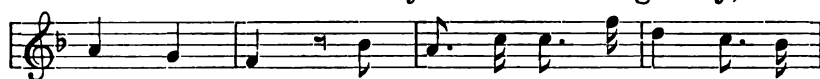
Solo.



1. How sweet-ly does the time fly, When to please my



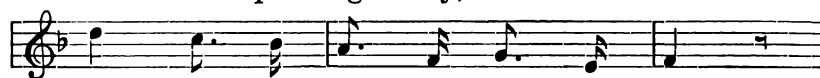
moth-er I with all my heart and strength try, For



love says so. My heart it feels so spright-ly, It



makes me step so light - ly, When I for her do

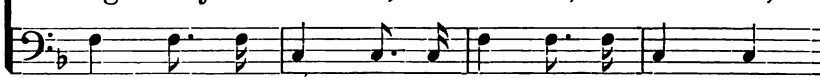


right - ly, What cheer - ful days I know.

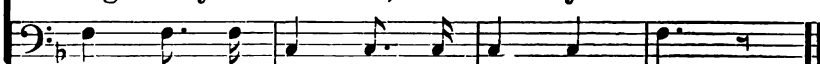
Trio or Chorus.



Light may her heart be, her heart be, her heart be ;



Light may her heart be, For love says so.



OBEDIENCE. — *Continued.*

2. Oh, happy may my mother be,
 Evermore from sorrow free,
 Welcome news 'twill be to me,
 For love says so.
 May blessings be imparted,
 To friends like us true hearted,
 And may we ne'er be parted,
 Where'er through life we go.

3. Our comforts may not always stay;
 But whenever comes the day,
 I will chase her griefs away,
 'Tis love says so.
 For what can be more cheering,
 The voice of love while hearing,
 With tokens most endearing,
 That hearts of love bestow?

4. To comfort her I'll always try;
 Then, if earthly comforts fly,
 We'll look to a dear Friend on high,
 Who loves us so.
 This blessing if imparted,
 To friends like us true hearted,
 We never can be parted;
 What joyful news to know.

XXV. WOOLLY, WOOLLY BLACK SHEEP.*



Woolly, woolly black
sheep! where have
you been?
Up hill and down hill,
over field and fen.

Woolly, woolly black
sheep! what did you
see?
Sunlight and star-
light shining down
on me.

Woolly, woolly black
sheep! where is
your home!
Woodland or tilled
land,— whereso-
ever I roam.

* The questions may be asked by one reader and answered by another.

XXVI. THE TINDER-BOX. — Part I.

sol'dier		a'pron		knap'sack		tow'er		tin'der
sword		(ā'purn)		witch		checked		toûch

1. A soldier came marching along the high road. Left! right! left! right! He had his knapsack on his back, and his sword at his side.



2. He was coming back from the wars. On the road he met a very ugly old witch. She said, "How do you do, soldier? You have a fine sword and a large knapsack. Would you like some money? You are a real soldier, so you shall have as much as you like."

3. "Thank you, old witch," said the soldier.

"You must do something for me then," said the witch. She led him to an old tree near the road. "Do you see that large tree?" she said; "it is quite hollow inside. Tie this rope round you, and climb to the top. Then I will let you down into the hole."

4. "But what am I to do down there in the tree?" asked the soldier.

“What are you to do? Get money, to be sure,” said the witch. “When you are safely down you will find yourself in a great hall, full of bright lamps. Then you will see three doors, each with the key in the lock. If you go into the first room, you will find a large chest in the middle of the room. On the chest sits a dog with eyes as big as teacups.

5. “But do not fear him. I will give you my blue checked apron. Spread it on the floor, and set the dog on it. He will not dare to touch you.

“You can then open the chest, and take as many pennies as you like. But if you would rather have silver money, go into the next room; you will find another chest and another dog.

6. “This dog has eyes as big as mill-wheels. But never mind. Put him on my apron, and help yourself to the silver that is in the chest.”

7. “But what is in the third room?” asked the soldier.

“Oh, there is a dog with eyes as big as towers,” said the witch. “That is a very dreadful dog, but you need not mind. Put him on my apron, and take as much gold as you like out of the chest.”

8. "This is not bad fun!" said the soldier. "I will gladly go. But how much money am I to give you, old witch? For of course you will want your share."

"No," said the witch, "I do not want any money, but I want you to bring me up the old tinder-box that is in the tree. My grandmother forgot it the last time she went down there."

9. So the soldier said, "Very well, tie the rope round me."

"Here it is," said the witch, "and here is my blue checked apron."

10. You do not know perhaps that before people found out how to make matches, they had to use a flint and a bit of steel to get a light. With these they made a spark, and set fire to some tinder. It was a box with these things in it that the old witch wanted.

11. The soldier tied on the rope, and very soon he was down in the tree, and before him were the three doors and all the bright lamps, just as the witch had said.

SOUNDS OF VOWELS.

Mark the sounds of *a* in *came, marching, knapsack, hall, dare, rather, and last*. Give the sounds *a* stands for in *any, many, and said*.

XXVII. THE TINDER-BOX.—Part II.

cas'tle
daugh'ter

shab'by
sheath

won'der
con sent'

com'mon
cop'per

1. The soldier turned the key of the first door and went in. Oh, dear! How afraid he was. For there sat the dog, and stared at him with eyes as big as teacups.

2. "You are a very pretty little fellow," he said, and he took the dog down, and set him on the witch's apron.

Then he filled his pockets with the pennies, shut the lid, put back the dog, and went on to the next room.

3. There was the dog with his fearful eyes, as big as two mill-wheels. "You had better not stare so," said the soldier. "It will make your eyes water."

He took down the dog and opened the chest. When he saw how much silver money there was, he filled his pockets and his cap with silver, throwing away all the pennies.

4. Then he went into the last room. There was a dog that would make any one afraid. His eyes were as big as towers, and they turned round and round.

"Good day, sir," said the soldier, and made a low bow, for he saw that this was a very great dog indeed.

5. But he wanted to open the chest, so he took up the dog and put him on the old witch's apron. There he sat quite still, as good as gold. And the chest was full of gold.

6. Now the soldier threw away his silver, and filled his knapsack, his pockets, his cap, and even his boots, with the gold. For there was gold enough in the chest to buy up all the apples of all the apple-women, and all the cakes and sweets in all the shops, and all the toys and pretty things in the world.

7. Then, when he could hardly walk, he shouted to the old witch to draw him up, and there he stood with all his gold.

"Where is the tinder-box?" asked the witch. "Oh, dear, I quite forgot it," said the soldier, and back he went for it.

8. "What do you want it for?" he asked. But all the witch said was, "That is nothing to you," in a cross voice.

"You will have to tell me what you want it for," said the soldier, "or I shall take my sharp sword and cut off your head."

9. "It is nothing to you," said the witch. So the soldier took his sword out of the sheath. Off went the witch's head.

Then he took her apron, tied up all his money in it, put the tinder-box in his pocket, and marched off again. Left! right! left! right!

10. The soldier walked on till he came to a town. It was a fine large town, and he went at once to the best inn. There he asked for the best rooms, and had all the things he liked best for dinner. I wonder what they were, do not you?

11. The servant who cleaned his boots was full of wonder that such a rich man could wear such shabby things. But the next day he went to the best shops, and got himself boots and clothes, all of the very best and finest sorts.

12. Now the people thought him a great lord, and they told him of all the fine things there were to be seen in the town.

"But the best sight of all is the king's daughter," they said.

"Where can she be seen?" asked the soldier.

"You cannot see her for love or money," said the people. "She lives in a large copper castle, with strong walls and towers.

13. "No one but the king himself can go in and

out, for a witch once told the king she should marry a common soldier, and he will not consent to that."

"I should like to see her," said the soldier. But he could not for all his money.

LANGUAGE.

Use the words *forget, forgot, forgotten, forgetting*, in writing sentences.



XXVIII. THE TINDER-BOX. — Part III.

1. The soldier lived a grand life now. He drove and rode about as much as he liked; he went to see plays, and bought all he liked in the shops.

He did not forget to help the poor, for he had been poor once, and he knew how sad it is to be cold and hungry.

2. He had a great many friends, who said they loved him very much, and called him a fine fellow and a real gentleman.

hun'gry
at'tic
bought
brought
or'ders
fore'head
fel'low

He liked to hear this said. So day after day he went on spending money, till he had none left to spend.

3. At last, when he had only two pennies left, he had to go and live in an attic, where he cleaned his own boots, and mended his own clothes. None of his friends would come to see him. They said there were too many stairs to go up to get to his attic.

4. One dark night he had no fire and no light. Then all at once he thought of the bit of candle in the tinder-box which he had brought from the old tree, and he took it out.

He struck a spark from the flint. The door flew open, and in ran the dog with eyes as big as teacups.

5. "What orders, master?" said the dog.

"Orders? why, this is nice!" said the soldier.
"Bring me some money."

Off went the dog. He came back in no time, with a big bag of pennies in his mouth for his master.

6. Now the soldier found out the use of the tinder-box. If he struck it once, the dog with the teacup eyes came for his orders. If he struck it twice, the dog with eyes like mill-wheels, that sat on the chest of silver, came. If he struck it three times, the dog with eyes like towers came.

7. Now he went back to his fine rooms. His friends came to see him, but he chose other friends, for he knew now that those did not care for him.

8. Once he thought to himself, "Dear me, how I wish I could see that sweet princess! I wish I could make the dogs bring her as they bring money. It must be so dull in her copper castle.

Where is my tinder-box?"

It was night, but he struck the box, and the dog with teacup eyes came.

9. "Though it is night," said the soldier, "I do want to see that princess just for a moment." The dog was gone. In a moment there he was with

the princess. She was so lovely that every one must see she was a real prin-

cess. The soldier kissed her forehead as she lay asleep on the dog's back, and away he ran with her.



XXIX. THE TINDER-BOX. — Part IV.

stu'pid | scis'sors | hap'pen | an'gry | clev'er | chalk | flour

1. Next day the king and queen were having their breakfast, when the princess told them what a strange dream she had had in the night.

"I rode on a dog," she said, "and a soldier gave me a kiss."

"What a stupid story!" said the queen, who was quite angry.

2. That night a lady had to sit beside the princess's bed, to see if something would happen, or if it were only a dream.

The soldier wanted to see the princess again, and so sent the dog for her.

But the old lady ran after him.

3. When she saw the dog go into a large house, she took out a bit of chalk, and made a cross on the door. Then she went home.

But the dog was too bright for her. He took a piece of chalk, and made a cross on every door in the town.

4. Next day the king and queen and the old lady, and all their soldiers, went out to find the house with the cross on it.

"This is it," said the king. "No; it is here,"

said the queen. And they soon found there was a cross on each door; so they went home.

5. But the queen was a very clever woman, and she thought of a plan. She took her gold scissors and cut out a little silk bag.

This bag she filled with flour, and then she tied it around the princess's neck. She cut a little hole in the bag first.

6. So when the dog came next night to take the princess to visit the soldier, the flour ran out as he went along.

The soldier had grown very fond of the pretty princess. All he wanted now was to be a prince, so that the king might let him marry her.

7. But next day the king and queen went along where they saw the flour lie. They found out where their daughter had been, and they had the soldier put in prison.

Oh, dear! how sad he was now! And the worst of it was that they came to tell him he was to be hanged next day.

8. This was very bad news. No one would save him, and he had left his tinder-box at the inn.



So he could not get the good dogs to come and help him. And when the sun rose, he could see a crowd running along. They were all going to see him hanged.

9. As the soldier looked through the bars of his prison, he saw a shoemaker's boy running with the rest, in his leather apron. He ran so fast that one of his shoes flew off and hit the bars where the poor soldier sat.

10. Then the soldier cried out, "Do not be in such a hurry, my boy. They cannot begin without me, and you see I am not there yet.

"But would you like to earn some money? If you will run to my inn, and get me my old tinder-box, I will give you four shillings."

11. The boy ran off as fast as he could go. Soon he came back with the box, and gave it through the bars to the soldier, who now began to feel happy again.

They took him and led him out to the market-place of the town. There sat the king and queen on a throne of gold.

12. A great crowd filled the market-place, to see the poor soldier hanged. Then he said, "Before I am hanged, there is one little thing I should like."

"If it is only a little thing," the king said, "you may have it." "Well," said the soldier, "I should like very much to smoke a pipe."

13. The king gave the soldier leave to smoke his last pipe. And he took out his tinder-box quickly, and struck the flint once, then twice, then three times.

Then came all the dogs,—the one with eyes as big as teacups, the one with eyes like mill-wheels, and the one with eyes that turned round and round, as big as towers.

14. "Help me," said the soldier; "I do not want to be hanged."

Then the dogs ran at the judge, and all the other great men. They threw them up so high in the air, that they were broken to pieces.

"You are not to do that to me," said the king to the dogs; but they did not care what he said, and tossed him and the queen up like the rest.

15. The rest of the people were afraid, and cried out, "Oh, dear good soldier! you shall be our king, and marry the lovely princess."

Then they put the soldier into the king's fine carriage, and took him to the king's castle, while the three dogs ran in front.

16. "Bow! wow! wow!" said the dogs. That

was their way of saying "Hurrah!" Then the princess came out of her copper castle, and was made queen.



She liked that very much. They had a grand wedding, with the biggest cake that ever was made. And the three dogs sat at the table, and stared with all their might.

VOWEL SOUNDS.

Mark the vowel sounds in the words below.

strange	leave	night	sol'dier	struck
hanged	clev'er	shil'lings	car'riage	chalk
large	leath'er	prin'cess	mon'ey	quick'ly
wanted	earn	pris'on	smoke	love'ly

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. V.

"Here is a letter for you, mamma," said Vio.

"For me! When did it come? I have not heard the postman."

"I brought it. It is one I wrote you at school. All of us wrote letters to our mammas. Miss Hill gave us a question, and told us we might write a letter to ask it. Eva thinks she made up the question, just to give us a new kind of writing lesson; but it is a good thing to ask, if she did."

"I suppose I must read the letter to know what the question was. It is folded nicely, and is written very prettily," said Mrs. Hamblin.

"Miss Hill showed us how to do each part. See, it is dated and begun like a real letter."

Friday, April 7, 1886.

Dear Mamma:—

Will you be so kind as to get me a little sponge, or a piece of flannel, to dry my slate with? I need one every day.

Your loving daughter,

Violet Hamblin.

"You see, mamma, Miss Hill goes up the aisles and washes every slate with a big wet sponge. Then we dry the slates ourselves."

XXX. GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

smoothed
sew'ing

fa'vorite
cu'rious

neighed
lowed

fox'glove
curt'sied

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see,
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work! good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;
She said as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! good night! good night!"

The horses neighed, the oxen lowed;
The sheep's "bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! good night! good night!"

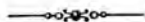
She did not say to the sun "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
 She knew nothing more till again it was day :
 And all things said to the beautiful sun,
 "Good morning! good morning! our work has
 begun."

PUNCTUATION.

Find in this lesson the period, comma, semicolon, colon, apostrophe, and marks of quotation and exclamation.



XXXI. THE MAGPIE.

mag'pie		pig'eon		ram'shackle		offend'ed
flight'y		dudg'eon		consent'ed		wil'ingly

1. The magpie was one day building her nest so neatly and whispering to herself, while she laid each straw in its place, "This upon that, this upon that," (as was her wont) when the wood-pigeon came by.

2. Now the wood-pigeon was young and flighty, and had never learned how to build a nest; but when she saw how beautifully neat that of the magpie



looked, she thought she would like to learn the art of nest-making.

The busy magpie willingly consented to teach her, and began a new nest on purpose to show her how to proceed.

3. Long before she was half through, however, the flighty wood-pigeon sang out, "That'll do-oo-oo! That'll do-oo-oo!"*

4. The magpie was offended, and flew away in high dudgeon, and that is why to this day the wood-pigeons build such ramshackle nests.



XXXII. WEEZY'S SAMBO.

wrin'kled	gut ta per'cha	rav'elled	wors'ted	squeezed
mis'chief	reg'is ter	trous'ers	(wōos'ted)	but'tons

1. Little Weezy Haynes had more dolls than she could take care of, and they were always falling into mischief.

2. Her china twins had but one leg and one arm between them, and not a sign of a head.

Her pretty wax Rosa was without a nose. And as to her gutta-percha baby, it was so wrinkled and ugly that Weezy rubbed the win-

*The bird's voices are said to sound like the two exclamations.

dow-panes with it when she played at cleaning house.

3. Phebe Redlan, the nurse-girl, cut paper dolls for her by the hour, but these frisked out of the window or into the fire; and of Weezy's large family there was left only one sound child.

4/ This was little Sambo, knit of worsted; black face, scarlet jacket, yellow trousers, and all. When he tumbled into the wash-bowl, Weezy squeezed him out, and dried him over the register. When he ravelled, mamma darned him, and made him as good as new.

5. Oh, he was the nicest kind of a doll! and from his white sewing-silk teeth to his black stocking-yarn toes, Weezy loved every inch of him. Yet she did love to punish him. One morning when she found him in papa's boot, she shook him till one of his bead eyes dropped out.

6. "What for Sambo run away and hide?" cried she. "Now mamma mus' tie Sambo, 'cause Sambo didn't mind."

She looked about the hall for something to tie him to, and saw papa's overcoat on the hat-tree. The buttons on the back of it were just within her reach.

"There! Sambo must be tied till he is a good boy," said she, winding the ends of his tiny scarf round one of the buttons.

Then, leaving the poor doll hanging by his neck, she danced off to the kitchen to tease Bridget for "two big plums."

7. Pretty soon Mr. Haynes came out of the sitting-room to go down town. It was rather dark in the hall, and he put on his overcoat without seeing the doll.

Next he drew on his gloves, and walked briskly into the street with Sambo bobbing up and down from the button at his back.



8. It was funny enough! One little boy laughed so hard that he rolled off the door-step. Some school-children on the corner shouted, and clapped their hands. Papa Haynes wondered what all the noise was about. He couldn't see anything to laugh at.

brisk'ly
won'dered
bounced
fig'ure
suspect'

He might have gone on right through the village with Sambo's yellow legs dancing a jig behind him, if a neighbor hadn't called to him.

9. "Sir?" said papa, wheeling in front of the gentleman's gate so suddenly that the doll bounced against him.

"Why, what is this?" he said, reaching his hand behind his back.

"Something that belongs to Weezy, I fancy," laughed the gentleman, unwinding Sambo's scarf.

10. When Mr. Haynes saw the doll, he couldn't help laughing too.

"Well, I must say I've cut a pretty figure," said he, with a very red face. "No wonder the boys shouted!"

He felt like tossing Sambo over the fence, but then he thought of his little daughter.

“I suspect Weezy is crying this minute for her lost baby,” said he, cramming Sambo, head first, into his pocket. “I’ll take it home to her this time, but she must look out how she ties it again to my coat-button!”



XXXIII. THE FAIRIES.

state'ly
crag'gy

Col umb'kill
north'ern

Slie'ue'-lēague
Bridg'et

jour'ney
pan'cake



Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;

Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home;



They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hilltop
The old king sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;

Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.
They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again,
Her friends were all gone.

They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hillside,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.



If any man so daring
As dig one up in spite,
He shall find the sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,

We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

W. ALLINGHAM.

SPELLING.

togeth'er		jack'et		crag'gy		star'ry
feath'er		bridge		thorns		crisp'y

LANGUAGE.

Daren't: Dare not. The apostrophe shows that *o* in *not* is omitted.

WRITE, IN THE SAME WAY, TWO WORDS FOR

mayn't		can't		don't		haven't
--------	--	-------	--	-------	--	---------

CHANGE THE WORDS IN THESE SAYINGS:—

You *needn't* ask me, for I *can't* go.
 We *must not* touch the apples.
 I *haven't* seen the boys to-day.
 The cows *won't* trouble us.

FILL THE BLANKS IN THE QUESTIONS BELOW.

May we not?

Haven't you?

Don't?

..... go in the tall grass?
 get the door open?
 be late for school?

XXXIV. ROBBIE LEARNS A LESSON.

bought	bread	result'	instead'	pur'pose
belongs'	yeast	frowned	succeed'	stern'ly

1. Uncle Will bought Robbie a dog, which Robbie named Joss. Joss was a puppy; but he grew fast, and was soon quite large.

2. "Robbie," said his mamma to him one day, "why don't you teach Joss some tricks? He belongs to a very fine breed of dogs, and looks bright. I would teach him something."

3. "Very well," said Robbie, much pleased, "I will. What shall I teach him?"

4. "Suppose you teach him to carry your tin pail when you go over to Mr. Smith's for yeast," said his mother.

5. "That would be fine," said Robbie; so that very day, as he had to go for yeast, he thought that he would have Joss carry his little pail for him.

6. "Come here, Joss," he said, with a little whistle, which Joss knew very well. Joss came running as fast as he could, wagging his tail, and looking very gay and happy.

7. "Here, sir," said Robbie, putting the pail

between Joss' teeth; "take my pail, sir!" Joss took it, shook it, and then dropped it.

8. Robbie put it in Joss' mouth again, and again Joss shook it and dropped it. Robbie tried it three or four times; but the result was just the same, though he frowned at Joss sternly, and cried out in a very cross tone, "Don't you dare to drop it, sir!"

9. The pail began to get a good many dents in it. "It's no use," said Robbie; "I shall spoil the pail, and Joss will never learn a thing." So he went back to his mother and told her his story.

10. "I know just how you feel, Robbie," said his mother. "I have been trying to teach a little boy to say, 'Yes, mamma,' and 'No, mamma,' for a long time, but still he says, 'Yes' and 'No,' instead, nearly all the time."

11. Robbie hung his head; and his mamma went on: "I shall keep on trying, though, and you had better, too. Perhaps we shall both succeed in time. I will get you a new pail for the yeast, and you can keep the dented one on purpose to teach Joss with. You mustn't get tired trying. Just think of the years I have been trying to teach my little boy a few simple words."

12. Robbie said, "Yes, mamma," very carefully, and the next day he went to work at training Joss some more. Before many days, Joss would



carry the pail nicely. Then Robbie taught him to stand on his hind feet and beg, and to go for the paper, and to do many other tricks. Joss

used to stand on his hind legs, and make a very funny noise which Robbie called singing, though it was really only whining and yelping.

13. Training Joss made Robbie understand better how hard it was for his mother to train him. He made up his mind to help her. Because he liked to have Joss do as he was told, he tried harder to do right himself. So Joss taught his young master a lesson.



TALES OUT OF SCHOOL. VI.

"What shall I do with children who can write very well if they try, but who are growing careless?" said Miss H. one day.

"I think I should have them do over the careless part," said Fred Pride; "that is what mamma does in things at home."

"I could not have it all done over; and I should be afraid it would be done no better. I think I will set them making letters and parts of letters. We will begin with *i u t* and *e l*; then take *m* and *o a c*; and on another day *s v n w x*."

XXXV. COCKLEDEMOY.

sword | thim'ble | foul | cock'le de moy' | cas'tle

"Cockledemoy,
My boy, my boy!"—
"Here, father, here."—

"Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that will give thee joy?
Wilt thou ride on the midnight owl?"
"No; for the weather is stormy and foul."

"Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What wilt thou do that can give thee joy?
With a needle for a sword, and a thimble for
a hat,
Wilt thou fight a battle with the castle cat?"
"Oh, no! she has claws, and I like not that."

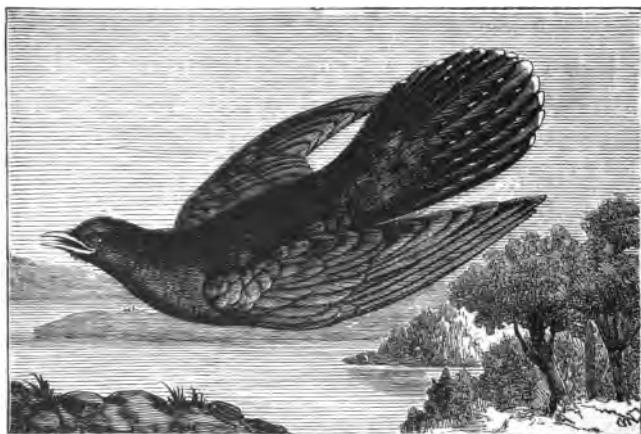
"Cockledemoy!
My boy, my boy,
What shall we do that can give thee joy?
Shall we go seek for a cuckoo's nest?"
"That's best, that's best!"

SIR W. SCOTT.

XXXVI. THE CUCKOO.—Part I.

mead'ow		bough (bow)		pounce		hedge-war'bler
an'imals		bal'ance		crunch'es		cat'er pillars

1. The cuckoo is the English bird of spring. It stays only so long as the weather is fine. It comes in the pleasant spring-time when leaves begin to peep from the buds, and when the



flowers begin to smile in the green meadows. When the cuckoo's voice is heard in the woods, the English children know that the cold days of winter are over and gone.

2. Let us have a good look at that cuckoo, as

he flies through the air. He is a large bird, with coat of bluish-gray on his back, and vest of ashy gray on his breast. His wings and tail are black, crossed on the outside feathers with bars of white.

3. He hops about from one bough to another, flying only short distances, for, as you see, his wings are too short to carry him on a very long flight.

4. His tail is long, and very useful in helping him to keep his balance. He has a pretty long bill, too, with a little curve at the end. With this he snaps up flies and caterpillars on the high trees, or worms and such soft animals on the ground.

5. With this bill he picks up grain and fruit, crunches the eggs of other birds, and even pecks to death and tries to eat any stupid little mouse that he may have the good luck to pounce upon.

6. It is pleasant to hear the cuckoo's song at a little distance in the quiet woods. When first heard, the notes are fresh, and full, and clear; as summer wears away, they are harsh and broken—the voice of the cuckoo has become hoarse.

7. The country folk have made this rhyme about the cuckoo:—

In April, come he will.
 In May, he sings all day.
 In June, he alters his tune.
 In July, he prepares to fly.
 In August, go he must.

8. This is another, which says much the same thing:—

In April cuckoo sings her lay;
 In May she sings both night and day;
 In June she loses her sweet strain;
 In July she is off again.



XXXVII. THE CUCKOO.—Part II.

fe'male | clev'er | mot'tled | finch'es

1. The female cuckoo does not make a nest of her own to lay her eggs in. When she has laid an egg, she takes it in her mouth, and, watching the chance of finding some other bird away from home, drops it into the nest among the other bird's eggs. She knows that her egg will be very well cared for there.

2. Now, does it not seem strange that those other birds are not wise enough to know that the cuckoo's egg is not their own?

The cuckoo is a clever bird, and little hedge-warblers and wagtails and blackbirds and finches are not nearly so bright.

3. The cuckoo's egg is very small for the size of the bird; it is about the same size as the eggs of those little birds, though the cuckoo is three or four times as large. The color is mottled reddish gray. The cuckoo is sharp enough to place her eggs in the nests of little birds whose eggs are most like her own.

4. By and by the egg that the cuckoo dropped into the nest is hatched, and out comes a young cuckoo. And a terrible fellow a young cuckoo is, when he finds himself in a hedge-sparrow's nest. I will tell you what he does.

tum'bles
shoul'ders
fort'night
glut'ton
hap'pens
com plain'ing

5. The young cuckoo grows very fast, and in a few days there is not room enough in the little nest for anybody but himself. He soon finds that the eggs and the other young birds are in his way. So he at once makes up his mind to turn them all out; and, as soon as he is able, he goes to work.

6. He puts his tail under an egg or a young bird, and pushes it against the side of the nest till he gets it upon his back. He then raises himself up the side of the nest as far as he can, and tumbles the egg or young bird over the edge. In this way he goes on till he gets rid of all his fellows in the nest.

7. The young cuckoo is greatly helped in these doings by a hollow in the middle of his back, and by his broad shoulders. By this means the egg or young bird is kept steady on his back, till he be ready to throw it over the edge of the nest. The hollow fills up in about a fortnight.

8. Now, if there should be two young cuckoos hatched in the same nest, what happens? Well, there is a fight. The stronger bird pushes the weaker on to his back, hoists him up, and tumbles him over the edge of the nest. There is not room for more than one young cuckoo in a little bird's nest.

9. The young cuckoo is a great glutton, and one pair of hedge-sparrows could not bring him enough to eat. How, then, shall he be fed?

He cries, and his cry brings to his help such birds as feed on soft meat, like the little birds that he has been hatched with.

10. It is a good thing for him that he has a strange, complaining cry, like the cry of those soft-billed birds. These feed him, and attend to his wants till he is able to take care of himself; and even after that, as he is flying through the air, the little birds will bring him food, and wait upon him as if he were a prince.

SPELLING.

hoist	glut'ton	hatched	clev'er	tum'bles
joist	mut'ton	matched	nev'er	rum'bles

DICTATION, or MEMORY WRITING.



Try to be cheerful,
 Never be fearful,
 Or think that the
 sky will fall.
 Let the sky tumble,
 Fear not the rumble,
 It never can hurt
 you at all.

XXXVIII. WISE LITTLE SPARROWS.

foun'tain	drēar'iest	no'ticed	fig'ure	stud'ied
sau'cy	shōul'ders	ven'tured	frol'ic	ea'ger

1. In one of the very busiest and dreariest parts of a great city there is a small square.

2. It is planted with trees and grass, which do their best to look green and bright in spite of the smoke and dust which fall upon them nearly all day.

3. A few years ago a number of saucy little sparrows came there to live. They built themselves nests high up in the dusty trees, where the naughty boys could not easily get at them.

4. The keeper of the square was a rough, red-faced man, but he grew to be very fond of these little birds. He took such good care of them that no bad boy dared to throw stones at them while he was near.

5. The sparrows knew this so well, that they hopped about the paths, looking for worms, or took their baths in the fountain without fear, while he was cutting grass or cleaning up leaves. When he was away, they kept up in the trees, only flying down once in a while, when nobody was in sight.

6. One morning, very early, a tall, straight old gentleman walked through the square. He was a very odd-looking man. The little birds noticed it, and talked a good deal about him, up in their tree.



7. He was so large that the red-faced man looked like a little boy beside him. His gray hair was long and curly; his eyes were bright and black; and he had a heavy cane in his right hand, which made him look quite fierce.

8. He saw the little birds, and whistled to them; but they had lived too long to trust anybody but their red-faced friend.

Every day after that, at five o'clock, when the keeper opened the iron gate, the tall man walked through the square. As he did so, he took some bread from his pocket and scattered crumbs along the broad walk.

9. At first the little birds paid no attention to him; then they began to come down after he had gone; next they ventured after a crumb before he was well out of the square.

10. As they found he never hurt them, a few of the boldest began to eat their breakfast at his very feet. The saucy sparrows had grown so bold that they would perch on his head, his shoulders, and his hands, and even tangle their claws in his long gray hair.

11. The sparrows learned to know his figure as he came down the street. They would wait for him by the gate, eager for their breakfast and morning frolic.

12. He was a very wise old man, for he had studied all his life. He had many friends, but none of the greetings he had all day pleased him so much as that of the wise little birds who knew him as a friend.

Kindness to dumb animals is a sign of a noble heart.

GIRLS' NAMES.

"Here is a new kind of lesson for you," said Miss Hill. "We will begin with the girls and write names. Alice, your name comes first. To-

Alice	Bertha	Carrie
Dora	Edith	Fanny
Grace	Helen	Ida
Julia	Kate	Lucy
Mabel	Nellie	Olive
Rosa	Susie	Tina
Una	Violet	Winifred

day we will write all the names we can think of that begin with A. If you will tell me names, I will write them on the board for you. You need practice in writing the capital letters."

Here are the names they wrote: Alice, Amy, Anna, Abby, Ada, Agnes.

XXXIX. THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

munch
rough

hith'er
thith'er

own'ers
coast'ers

cov'ered
paint'ed

The sheep hurry home, the cows gladly stay



Shut up in their
stable to munch
the dry hay.

How fast the
flakes fall on the
left and the
right!

The trees are
soon covered,
the fences are
white.

But Herbert and
John and Char-
ley and Joe

Run hither and
thither, and
laugh at the
snow.

They are so happy that winter's begun;

They like the rough weather, the sports, and the fun.

Their sleds are in order, new-painted and bright;
No wonder the owners are wild with delight.

To-morrow the slopes all over the town
Will be lively with coasters that race up and down.

Oh, how fast the flakes fall from morning till night!

The ground is deep-covered, the whole earth's in white.

LANGUAGE.

Learn to count the syllables in the lines. Make the pauses long at the commas and semicolons.

A million little jewels

A million little jewels

Twinkled on the trees,

And all the little maidens said:

“A jewel if you please.”

But while they held their hands outstretched

To catch the diamonds gay,

A million little sunbeams came

And stole them all away.

XL. THE EMPTY CAGE.

de light'ed
pack'age

gim'let
tugged

rus'tle
un eas'y

vel'vet
Brid'get



HAVE an empty cage.
It is a very pretty one.
It is a squirrel-cage. I
will tell you the story.

May is a bright little
girl who lives in a pretty home
by a large river. If you walk
along on its bank in the spring, you will
sometimes hear a little rustle, and see two
bright eyes,—round and black, and shiny as
little beads.

2. May has a large gray cat. He sees these
round black eyes quicker than a child would.
His name is Spring Velvet.

One day Spring Velvet was stealing softly
along the bank. He heard a noise and made a
sudden dash, and in a moment he was trotting
home to Bridget with a striped chipmunk in
his mouth!

3. Bridget knew Spring Velvet. She knew he
did not care for mice or birds or squirrels. O,
no! He liked beefsteak better, and he liked milk

better. So Bridget took the little brown striped fellow out of his mouth.

4. May came running to see what her cat had found. She was delighted; but she saw some little narrow white teeth, and she said, "Oh! he will bite! but I do want him! What shall I do?"

5. May's mother got a nice starch-box, with a picture on one end. She took a gimlet and bored a row of holes along its sides. Then she put in some wires, and, as one end had a slide, the cage was ready.

6. Bridget put Bunny in the box, and May clapped her hands for joy. He soon had some milk in a saucer from May's tea-set, a little pile of corn, and some cotton for a bed.

He shook the cotton with his teeth, and pushed it about until she laughed aloud. Then he curled down to sleep.

7. May's father smiled when he saw the cage, and tried the wires with his finger, but he did not say anything.

One day he kissed May good by, and went to the city. May could not see his thoughts when he kissed her, or she would not have done what she did after he was gone.

She was watching Bunny a long time that

morning. She was sure he looked out with sad eyes between the wires. He pushed and tugged at them so hard that May grew very uneasy herself.

8. Her mother was watching her from behind the blinds. Pretty soon May came in and stood by her mother. She looked down, and she was pulling her fingers. Her mother knew what this meant. She was "making up her mind" about something.

9. "Mother, I wish you would let Bunny go. He doesn't eat much corn, and he doesn't lap his milk. He wants to be out. Say, mother, come, and let us take him to the bank and open the slide!"

May's mother kissed her and said, "I am afraid you are not quite sure you want Bunny to go back."

"Yes, I am sure," said May.

10. So her mother took the cage, and they went to an old beech-tree on the bank, and she drew back the door. May laughed as Bunny sprang out, and darted under some bushes, out of sight.

She was very brave the rest of the day. She tried to believe her dolls were better than squirrels; she swung, and read in a new story-book—

and at last she heard a whistle, and ran to the end of the front walk to watch.

11. Pretty soon she saw somebody coming up the lane that made a short walk from the depot, with a valise in one hand and a big parcel in the other.

“Oh, what have you brought for me?” she called, as her papa came up.

12. “Where’s Bunny?” he asked in reply, as he opened the package, and held out to May a new and handsome cage. It was all bright and fresh, with parlor and bedroom, and a flag at the top!

be lieve'	puz'zled
de'pot (dě po' or dē'pō)	
va lise' (vālēse')	
par'cel	hand'some

Then for the first time some tears came to May’s eyes.

“O papa! if I’d only known! Wouldn’t Bunny be sorry if he knew?”

13. Papa looked puzzled.

“Bunny’s gone! We did it! He’s down the bank! Oh, what a lovely house! But these wires would trouble him too. After all, I believe he’s happier!”

Then May’s papa understood. And he said he would keep the cage, that he might never forget

he had a dear little daughter who would rather have an empty cage than a pet in prison.

LANGUAGE.

Find in the lesson what words describe Bunny's eyes. Next, those that tell what kind of teeth he had, and four words that describe the new cage.



XLI. THE MICE IN A ROBIN'S NEST.

scram'bling		quin'ces		news'papers		imag'ine
in clined'		ad'vertise		de ci'ded		mat'tress

1. Did Mr. Robin, when he took his family south for the winter, advertise a "House to let" in the newspapers? Grandpa Baldwin wondered about it when he found who had moved into the robin's nest on the top of the quince-bush.

2. Grandpa was picking quinces when he noticed the nest. He was surprised to see something move in it.

At first he thought it was a dry leaf, blown by the wind. He kept glancing up at it, and pretty soon something moved again.

He did not think for a moment that it could be a little robin; for when quinces are ripe, all the little robins have grown up and have gone south.

3. Grandpa was very curious by this time. He climbed up in the tree and peeped into the nest. He saw nothing there but a bunch of wool.

"How did cotton-wool get into that nest?" said grandpa.

4. Then it moved again. Grandpa put his hand up carefully, and was just about to lift the wool, when out jumped an old mother mouse and ran away.

5. Grandpa started so that he nearly fell out of the tree.

Then he lifted the wool and peeped into the nest. There he found six little baby mice, all sleeping in the softest little bed you can imagine, with a nice wool mattress and coverlid.

6. As the old mother mouse had run away and left her babies, grandpa decided to carry the nest home and show it to mamma and the boys.



7. Such a shouting as there was then! The little "mites," as baby called them, cuddled closer and closer to each other, until one fell over the edge of the nest on the floor.

8. Then such a scrambling as there was to catch him! Mamma was inclined to get up in a chair and look on. Grandpa and the boys chased the nimble little fellow. At last grandpa caught him, and mamma advised him to take them all out doors.

9. The mother mouse had a beautiful white breast and a fawn-colored back. Grandpa said she was a dear little mouse.

Hal thought they were all "dear little mice."

10. There are a great many of them in the fields. Sometimes when the men are mowing, the mice run up their trousers legs. Grandpa says he never before knew one to climb a tree and make a home for herself in a bird's nest.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The quince is a fruit somewhat like an apple. It grows upon large bushes, and is yellow like the orange. But it is hard, and not fit to eat until stewed with sugar.

LANGUAGE.

Can you make some little notices for a newspaper?

XLII. THE LITTLE HARVEST MOUSE.

stalks		weight		flex'i ble		es pe'cial ly
wo'ven		sixth		bur'row		pur suit'

1. Do you know about the nests the little field mice hang for their children, high up in the stalks of standing grain? They do not often trust their little ones to the open nest of a bird.

2. Their own are very carefully woven of narrow grasses. They are hollow globes not larger than the balls you use in your games, with always a baby mouse peeping out.

3. They do not need much room, for when fully grown they weigh less than the sixth part of an ounce. This whole family in its nest would only weigh as much as a letter which one postage stamp would carry.

4. They are the tiniest of all animals, at least of all that have bones.

What will they do when the grain is cut?

"We shall be grown-up mice then," they answer.

But what do they do?

5. Some of them burrow a deep hole in the ground and line it with grass. Some stay in the summer nest, after the stocks have been cut and

are carried to the barn or piled in stacks out of doors.



a They are nimble little fellows, well able to care for themselves. By the help of the long

tail, and slender, flexible toes, they are among the best climbers in the world; and they are brave, too. Mice of one of the tribes are said to be like little bears.

7. They must be nimble, as their food consists of insects, especially flies, which they are very fond of. When they go in pursuit of them their aim is as sure as that of the swallow.

8. If you can get some one to catch a field-mouse for you, it will be a pretty pet,—a little Thumbling, with which you may amuse yourself. It will burrow and build in a cage, as well as anywhere, if you give it something to work with.

What is it creeps amidst the corn?
A mousie gray this summer morn!
See how she moves her tiny ear
And slender tail, as if in fear!

Oh, children dear, don't do her ill!
She'll let you pick the daffodil,
The poppy red, the blue larkspur.
There is no need to frighten her.
She has to feed her mouslings three,
Warm in the nest beneath the tree.

XLIII. THE FIELDS IN MAY.

[MEMORY GEM.]

ver'dure
fra'grant

jour'ney
shad'ow

busi'ness
mead'ow

laugh'ingly
but'ter fly

What can better please,
When your mind is well at ease,
Than a walk among the green fields in May?
To see the verdure new,



And to hear the loud cuckoo,
While sunshine makes the whole world gay:

When the butterfly so brightly
On his journey dances lightly,
And the bee goes by with business-like hum,

When the fragrant breeze and soft,
 Stirs the shining clouds aloft,
 And the children's hair, as laughingly they come :

When the grass is full of flowers,
 And the hedge is full of bowers,
 And the finch and the linnet piping clear,
 Where the branches throw their shadows
 On a footway through the meadows,
 With a brook among the cresses winding clear.

W. ALLINGHAM.

RHYMING WORDS.

Write the last words of the first and second lines in each stanza ; then of the fourth and fifth. What lines are left ? Do they rhyme with each other ?

EXPRESSION. — To be read musically, but not with sing-song tones.

LANGUAGE.

The verdure is the green grass and the leaves.

The finch and linnet and cuckoo are birds.

The butterflies and bees are insects.

Bowers are little arbors or shady places made by the branches of the trees or bushes.

Cresses are plants found on the edges of brooks. They have a hot, biting (*pungent*) taste, and are eaten at table as a salad.

XLIV. BABY CALLA.

nes'tle
blan'kets

gar'dener
cov'er let

trow'el
bed'quilts

pal'ace
lan'tern

1. Baby Calla had been put into her little bed by the kind gardener.

It was not a clean white bed with pretty hangings, in which she lay.

There were no great, fluffy pillows for her golden head to nestle against. The sheets that covered her were brown and damp, and the place was very dark.

2. When the man made up the bed for the little baby, he took great pains to have it smooth and nice. He patted it gently with his trowel, and left the blankets off all day, that the sun might warm it.

3. Then he laid the little baby in very carefully, and covered her over with the brown blankets. He did not allow even the tip of her nose to show above them.

4. Baby Calla did not want to be covered up. But the wise old gardener knew what was best for such little tots, and he packed her snugly in.

"Oh, how cruel to make me lie here in this dark place!" cried the little one. "It was bad

enough, I am sure, in the box, but this damp, musty bed is a thousand times more dreadful!"

5. Then she lay quite still, thinking.

"I wonder how long I am to stay here!" she cried, after trying in vain to drop off to sleep.

Then she tried to throw off the blankets, but they were so heavy she could not lift them.

6. "Oh dear, oh dear! How very tiresome it is, to be sure! If I were only a little bigger, I would not be many minutes in getting these dirty old bedquilts off my poor head. How I do wish that I could grow!"

7. Just then a clear, soft light from a pretty lantern lit up the place where she lay, and something cool touched her face.

"Wait," said a queer little voice beside her,—"wait, and you shall grow."

8. "How do you know that?" asked baby Calla, gazing in wonder at the handsome lamp which the stranger carried.

"Oh," was the reply, "I have seen hundreds of nice babies, just like you, put in the beds and covered up. They always come up beautifully."

9. "How do they get out?" asked baby Calla.

"Well, they grow—and grow—and grow, until they are quite large enough and strong enough

to throw off the covers and look out. You will be very beautiful by and by if you wait."

10. "My good friend, you seem to know everything," said baby Calla. "Perhaps you will tell me your name."

"Indeed I will! It is Glow Worm."

"That is rather a pretty name. Do you always carry a lamp with you?"

11. "Yes, always. But it burns brightest in damp places. Now I must be going. Good by."

Sometimes a small army of tiny creatures would tramp past her, but it was too dark for her to see them.

12. Once baby Calla tried to follow a huge beetle, but the heavy covers settled back so quickly that she could not get on.

But soon she found a new and strange feeling swelling within her bosom. Then a voice which seemed to be the voice of God, said, "Arise, my child, for it is morning!"

13. And, as she lifted her head above the brown coverlet, lo! the plain wrapper she had worn so long unclasped itself from about her neck, and slipped off.

14. Then she was in the light again. "Oh, how lovely it is!" she said.

She looked about her and saw so many things that she quite forgot herself. But when she remembered to look, she stood bathed in the beautiful sunlight, robed in the finest green satin, with diamonds on her bosom.

15. And she grew, and grew, fairer and fairer, taller and more stately, until the dear little glow-worm's light could no longer shine upon her face.



16. Then the gardener came one day, and with his trowel lifted her and placed her in a lovely vessel of gold and silver. After this she was carried to the palace of the good little princess Lighthouseart.

And the dear princess Lighthouseart called her Calla Lily.

LANGUAGE.

Tell what things the words below stand for or name: —

pil'low
gar'den er
cov'er let

lil'y
trow'el
lamp

blank'et
lan'tern
pal'ace

sat'in
di'a monds
ves'sel

Thus: A *lantern* is a kind of lamp that can be used out of doors.

This lantern was the glow-worm's light.

XLV. WAITING TO GROW.

sprout | month | pres'ently | read'y

Think of the flowers that are waiting to grow
Under the snow.

And think what hosts of queer little seeds,—
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and weeds,—
Are under the leaves and under the snow
Waiting to grow.

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow.

Only a month or a few weeks more
Will they have to wait behind that door,
Listen and watch and wait below
Waiting to grow.

Nothing so small or hidden so well
That God will not find it, and presently tell
His sun where to shine and his rain where to go,
Helping them grow.

LANGUAGE.

Name months for *growing* and months for *waiting*.

XLVI. AUNT KATE'S WHITE SUGAR.

ar rived'		jour'ney		crys'tal		a'pron		De troit'
ser'vice		tow'el		shrubs		ne'gress		guest

1. Myra's home is in the far South. It is always summer there.

She can go out of doors for a walk with Maumer, her nurse, on the coldest days of the year without mittens or a hood.

At Christmas time she can have a chase with Fido on the clean bright grass in the park, and not feel a bit cold.

2. She can find plenty of wild flowers whenever she has a mind to search for them.

From the trees in her father's grove she can pluck the sweetest oranges. Yet this little Southern girl prizes a nice red apple more than she does a whole apronful of ripe oranges.

Myra's nurse is a faithful negress. Nurse's mother was a house-servant in the family of Myra's grandmother, and a slave.

3. So Nurse Maumer was once a little slave girl. But when her freedom was given her, she begged that she might remain in the service of the family she loved. And so in time she came to be Myra's nurse.

She is kind-hearted and trusty, and Myra's good papa has given her the charge of his little girl on a journey to Detroit.

Myra has an auntie living at Detroit. Mr. Hall, who has been at the South, looking after his orange-groves there, is going with them.

4. The mocking-birds are singing when she starts, and the woods and fields are sweet with blossoms. Roses bloom in the gardens, and strawberries and cream have been on their breakfast-table for many weeks.

It is not yet light when the train glides slowly into the long depot at Detroit.

5. Myra has to pull her eyes open with her chubby fingers when the man in charge of the sleeping-coach comes to tell her that they have arrived.

She is wrapped in thick shawls, and taken in a cab to her Aunt Kate's house, which is on Fort Street. In the nicely warmed rooms she does not dream of the keen, cold weather outside.

As soon as it is light her aunt throws open the blind in the pretty breakfast-room, and asks her little guest to come and look.

6. Myra gazes in wonder.

"O Auntie!" she cries, "where did all that

nice white sugar come from; and what do the people of your city do with so much of it? No wonder you are the sweetest auntie in the world." And she perches on the tips of her kid boots to kiss the smiling face bending over her.

7. "Run down the steps, Myra, and fetch me a handful of the sugar for my coffee," says her aunt.

Off scamper the nimble feet, and soon their owner's voice is heard in the hall, calling out:—

"Please open the door quick, Aunt Katie! The sugar is so cold that it hurts. And it is all melting and running through my fingers."

8. Myra's auntie takes the dripping mass from the small, red hands of the little girl. As she tenderly dries the cold fingers on a soft towel, she tells her how the good God has formed the beautiful snow-crystals. How He has spread the white mantle of snow over the shrubs and flowers that they may not be harmed by the cold Northern winter.

SPELL AND WRITE.

shrubs | crys'tals | tow'el | guest | de pot'

LANGUAGE.

Compare snow and sugar to see how they are alike.



stu'pid
instead'

rough
enjoyed'

cov'ered
build'ing

les'son
learned

1. Mabel was a good little girl, but she did not like to study. She told her mother that she could walk and talk, and do ever so many other things, and she didn't care if she didn't know how to read.

2. Her mother was sorry to hear her little girl talk in that foolish way. She told Mabel how sorry she would feel to grow up and know nothing.

Mabel said she would be willing to learn if it was not such hard work.

3. One morning Mabel lay on the floor with her book in her hand. "Mamma," she said, "I don't think other little girls have such hard times studying as I do."

4. "I know my little girl is not stupid," said her mother. "If you would study your lesson, Mabel, instead of thinking how hard it is, you would soon get through. But put your book away now, and I will give you a lesson without any book."

5. Mabel was delighted to put her book down. She did not know what her mother could mean. They put on their hats and walked a long distance. At last they came to a shady yard with a large stone building in it. Mabel's mother asked to go to the schoolroom. They were taken into a large room, where many little girls were seated in a row, with books in their hands.

6. "Now, Mabel," said her mother, "see how nicely these little girls study."

The teacher gave Mabel one of their books. She looked at it a moment, and said, "Mamma, they are not studying at all, for their books have no letters in them."

7. Mabel's mother then took one of the books and showed it to her. There were no black let-

ters in it; but Mabel felt the page, and found that it was rough. Her mother told her it was covered with raised letters.

8. The teacher asked one of the little girls to read for Mabel. The pupil ran her fingers over the page, and read nicely. Mabel then learned that the poor little girls were blind, and could only read by feeling the letters with the tips of their fingers.

9. Mabel enjoyed her lesson without any book very much, but she was sorry for the little blind girls. She told her mother that her own lessons would not seem tiresome again, when she thought how hard it must be for them to learn to use books.

NATURAL HISTORY. — THE EYE. *A Study.*

The eye rests in a bony socket. The forehead protects it from above, the cheek-bone below, and the eyelids, a pair of fringed curtains, cover it whenever the light would be too bright, or any other harm would come to it. The eye itself is a round white ball. On the front of the eyeball is the round *iris*, which is either blue, gray, brown, or black. In the centre of the iris is the *pupil*, a small, round window. Inside this window is the *nerve of sight*, which reaches from the brain to the eye. If harm comes to this nerve, the sight may be lost, and people become blind.

XLVIII. A CHILD TO A ROSE.

surprise/
friend'ly

fin'ished
wood'bines

brown crest'ed
moon'white

scorns
thorns

White Rose, talk to me!

I don't know what to do.

Why do you say no word to me

Who say so much to you?

I'm bringing you a little rain,

And I shall feel so proud

If, when you feel it on your face,

You take me for a cloud.

Here I come so softly

You cannot hear me walking;

If I take you by surprise

I may catch you talking.

White Rose, are you tired

Of staying in one place?

Do you ever wish to see

The wild flowers, face to face?

Do you know the woodbines,

And the big brown-crested reeds?

Do you wonder how they live

So friendly with the weeds?

Have you any work to do

When you've finished growing?
Shall you teach your little buds
Pretty ways of blowing?

Do you ever go to sleep?—
Once I woke by night,
And looked out of the window:
And there you stood moon-white,—
Moon-white, in a mist of darkness,—
With never a word to say;
But you seemed to move a little,
And then I ran away.

White Rose, do you love me?
I only wish you'd say.
I would work hard to please you
If I but knew the way.
I think you nearly perfect
In spite of all your scorns;
But, White Rose, if I were you,
I *wouldn't* have those thorns.

Poems for a Child.

LANGUAGE.

Find in the lesson two COMPOUND words; two CONTRACTIONS, that is, words having an *apostrophe* to mark a letter left out where two words are joined to make one.

XLIX THE FLOWERS.

sea'son	breathed	ti'ny	a'corn
pro duce'	prop'er	cau'ses	cher'ries

1. How does the rose draw its bright color from the dark brown earth?

How does the lily get its shining white?

How can the tiny seed grow into a plant?

And how does every plant know its season to put forth leaves and buds and blossoms?

2. They all come in their order; each one knows its place.

The mayflower and the violet make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When spring comes, they come, saying, "Here are we!"

3. The rose waits for the warm summer, and the pretty aster and golden-rod come late, and stay to meet the biting frost.

4. Every plant produces another like itself.

An ear of corn will not grow from an acorn, nor will a grape-vine produce cherries; but every one springs from its proper seed.

5. What keeps them alive through the cold winter, when snow is on the ground and the sharp frost is in the air?

6. What causes them to spring up again and send their sap through the hard branches?

Who breathed on them with the breath of spring?

7. There is little need that I should tell you of God, for everything speaks of Him.

8. Every field is like an open book; every flower has a lesson written on its leaves.

9. Every brook has a tongue, and there is a voice in every whispering wind.

10. They all speak of Him who made them. They all tell us that He is very good.

MRS. BARBAULD.



L. TINTO, THE FERRY-HOUSE PARROT.

Ala ba'ma		ad'ver tising		im'i tate		in'terest
cus'tom ers		re fresh'ment		bus'iness		crim'son

1. Tinto was a beauty. He was dressed in green and crimson, with here and there a dash of gold. He could talk very well, and was fond of doing so. He lived at a ferry-house, on a river in Alabama.

2. Tinto's master kept a refreshment room. His cage used to hang at the door, where the people passed in going to and from the boats,

and his long chain let him perch outside. This parrot was in the advertising business. He was quick in picking up words and short sentences.

3. "Hot coffee, sir?" "Have a bite?" "Here's the place!" "Come in, all!"

He kept using these phrases, and so brought in many customers to his master.

4. Tinto not only said what he was taught, but he would imitate many sounds he heard. He could whistle to the dogs he

saw, and they would run all about to find their masters.

He tried to crow like the old rooster in his



master's yard; but this was almost the only thing he could not do.



5. Tinto was a very noisy bird. He used to scream very loud, and chatter, as though he were laughing. He seemed to take an interest in everything that was going on near the ferry.

6. One day he played a sad trick upon a poor horse. Dobbin was a good horse, and always obeyed his driver. He used to draw loads, brought across the river in the boats, up to the town. When Dobbin's master went to dinner,

he used to leave his team by the ferry-house.

7. The wagon was backed down the gangway, ready to take in a load. Tinto saw the thing done every day, and heard what was said to

Dobbin. I don't know whether the parrot meant to be naughty or not, but on this day he cried out, as loud as he could, "Back up, Dobbin! Back up, Dobbin! Back up, sir!"

8. Dobbin had backed down the gangway hundreds of times before when the order was given. He did so this time. Tinto kept saying the same words, and Dobbin kept backing. He backed the wagon off the gangway, and then went over into the river himself.

o beyed'
gang'way
wheth'er
hun'dreds
mis'chief.

9. A boy saw all this, and called Dobbin's master. After some hard work, the poor horse and the wagon were taken out of the water. Tinto was kept in the attic a month for this trick. If he did it for mischief, perhaps he wished he had done nothing but the advertising business.

LANGUAGE.

Describe this kind of advertising. Tell any other kinds that you have ever seen or heard of.

How many syllables in the words below? —

Advertising, refreshment, business, customer, imitate.

Study different syllables to learn how many sounds they have, and see if they have the same number of letters.

LI. TOMMY LEARNS ABOUT TOADS.

de stroy' ing	doubt	for' ward	in'stant ly
veg' e ta bles	re sult'	clum' sy	tongue

1. "Oh, papa, see what a great ugly toad! Do get a stick and kill him before he gets away," said little Tommy Gray, as he was walking in the garden with his father.

"Why do you wish him killed?" asked his father.

2. "Oh, because he is such an ugly thing, and I am afraid he will eat up everything in the garden. You know we

killed all the bugs and worms that we found here last evening. I am sure this toad is much worse than they."



3. "We killed the bugs and worms because they were destroying our flowers and vegetables. This poor toad never destroys a plant of any kind about the place. Besides, he is one of our best friends. These insects that are doing so much harm in our garden are just what he uses for his food. I have no doubt that he kills more of them every day than we did last evening. If you can find a live bug now, place it near him and see what he will do."

4. Tommy looked about, and soon found three bugs, which he placed near the toad, and then stood back a short distance to see



the result. The bugs soon began to move away. The toad saw them, and made a quick forward motion of his head. He darted out his tongue, and instantly drew them, one by one, into his mouth. Tommy clapped his hands with delight.

5. "How can such a clumsy-looking fellow use his head and tongue so nimbly?" said Tommy; and he ran off to find more food for him.

6. The next evening Tommy went again into

the garden, and soon found the object of his search ready for his supper.

7. At first the toad was shy, but he soon learned to sit still while Tommy placed the food near him. Then he would dart out his tongue and eat the bugs while Tommy was close by.

8. Finding that the boy did not hurt him, he lost all fear and soon became a great pet. Tommy named him Humpy. He says he would not have him killed now for anything.

LANGUAGE.

Review the story of Grandmother Toad and Brighteyes. Compare what is said of toads in both.



LII. THE REAL THIEF.

[A Dog's Story.]

wick'ed		doubt		scold'ed		an'swered
lard'er		shelf		climbed		some'how

I did not take it. Indeed, not I.

I'll tell you the story; I'll tell you why:
I passed by the larder, all by myself;
I saw a fowl on the larder shelf.

I peeped through the door, and I said to Myself,
Don't you think that's a fowl on the larder
shelf?

There's not the least doubt of it, answered Myself;
It's a very fat fowl on the larder shelf.

Well there, never mind it, said I to Myself;
Come away and don't look at the larder shelf.
So I ran off at once, Miss; but somehow Myself,
When I wasn't looking, climbed up to the
shelf;

But I caught him, and scolded the wicked My-
self:

Come down, sir, I told him, come down from
the shelf.

But he wouldn't obey me, that wicked Myself,
For he ate all the fowl on the larder shelf.

LANGUAGE.

The *larder* is the place for keeping meat and other food
before it is cooked; the pantry.

Make words by adding *-self* or *-selves* to the words below.

our, him, her, it, your, them, and thy.

Make sentences, using each word. Thus, —

We did it ourselves. He ate it himself. The Bible says,
"Deny thyself." Mary will make herself sick.

LIII. THE DOLL'S MISSION.

Clâire		mis'sion		reg'u lar		An'na bel
yon'der		eye'balls		hos'pi tal		swal'lowed

Yes, Fido ate Annabel's head off;
 I really suppose she is dead;



And Dora has swallowed her eyeballs;
 And Claire has a crack in her head.

But Eva has gone on a mission,
 A regular *mission*, not fun:
 She lives at the hospital yonder,
 And wears a gray dress, like a nun.

As soon as I heard of the children,
The poor little sick ones, you know,
With nothing at all to amuse them,
I knew 'twas her duty to go.

I loved her the best of my dollies;
Her eyes were the loveliest blue;
But doing your duty, 'most always,
Means something you'd rather not do.

And when I remember the children,
So tired, and so lonesome and sad;
If I had a house full of dollies,
I'd give them the best that I had.

CONVERSATIONAL LESSONS.—POINTS.*

1. A HOSPITAL: a place where the sick are cared for. It is generally the gift of generous persons, or of a city or state. In many cases sick people are received without expense.

2. SICKNESSES, and some of the ways to prevent them. Rules or laws of health.

3. KINDNESSES that are grateful to the sick,—like that of this little girl,—and that are possible to most boys and girls.

4. SELF-DENIAL as the basis of giving.

* It is intended that the teacher shall make these points and the words used to express them plain to the children.

LIV. THE WASP.

med'dled
med'dler
paste'board

e rect'ed
nur'se ry
ceil'ing

bur'glar
gau'zy
lar'væ

real'i ty
quar'ters
ten'e ment

1. I dare say you think that the wasp is an ugly, bad-tempered insect, who does nothing in the world but sting little children. It is true

that she is apt to do this when she is meddled with. Of all things she dislikes a meddler.



2. Yet, when she seems to be buzzing about, seeking whom she may sting, she is really busy making a home for her young.

3. I watched her at work the other day. She had chosen the ceiling of my room, where the open window allowed her to pass in and out. She had already erected a little clay hut with an opening at one end. And I let her finish her cradle and nursery.

4. Daily it grew bigger, till it was perhaps as large as a large plum. Then one day she closed and locked the door, so to speak, and flew away.

When her back was turned I broke into her mud cabin, like a burglar.

5. I found there two tiny rolls of something that looked like cotton-wool. Each was wrapped in a brown gauzy blanket, and they were, in reality, the wasp's babies, —their larvæ.



6. The wasp is a worm before she gets her wings and sting. All around were lying the bodies of dead flies and spiders which the wise mother-wasp had stunned with her sting and sealed up with her babies in their snug quarters. She meant that when they woke up hungry they should find plenty of food in the cupboard.

7. This little worker was one of the wasps that live alone; but there are others who live together in little tenement houses of their own. They

not only build their houses themselves, but they make the pasteboard for the walls and chambers from shreds of wood, as we make rags into paper.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Study the pictures of the wasp, to describe it in words. Like all insects it has *head*, *thōrăx*, and *ăb-dō-měn*. How would you describe those of the wasp? Insects also have three pairs of legs. The wings are joined to the thorax.



LV. THE SNOW FAMILY.

sev'er al		pre tend'ed		a fraid'		an oth'er
strange		fam'ily		no'tice		re cess'

1. It was a very small family,—only three: Mr. Snow, Mrs. Snow, and the baby. And they were a strange family, too. Mr. Snow did not look like other men. Mamma Snow did not look like your mamma. And their baby was such a funny one.

2. Where do you think I saw this strange family? It was in our school-yard, last winter. There had been a long snow-storm. Great piles of soft white snow were in the yard. It was cold, but boys like

to play in the snow. They are not afraid of the cold.

3. Well, the boys made a great snow-man. All of them worked at it for several days before and after school, and at recess. I pretended not to notice what they had done.



4. They called the man Mr. Snow. Then they made a lady of the snow. They called her Mrs. Snow. They said she was Mr. Snow's wife. At last they made a snow baby. The baby stood beside Papa and Mamma Snow.

5. Then they called me out to see this family. I told them Mr. Snow was very pale for such a large, stout man. One boy said, "Yes; we think they are not very well." Another boy said he was sure they would not live long.

6. "We are going to build a hut next, like the people of the north," said one of the boys.

"You need great skill to do that," I said; "they know how to choose snow that will not soon crumble or melt, and they cut it into shapes that will fit together to make the kind of hut they wish—either a cone or a dome with a low arched porch."

7. "What do they use for windows?"

"Since they have no glass, they must use ice."

"Have they chairs or tables?"

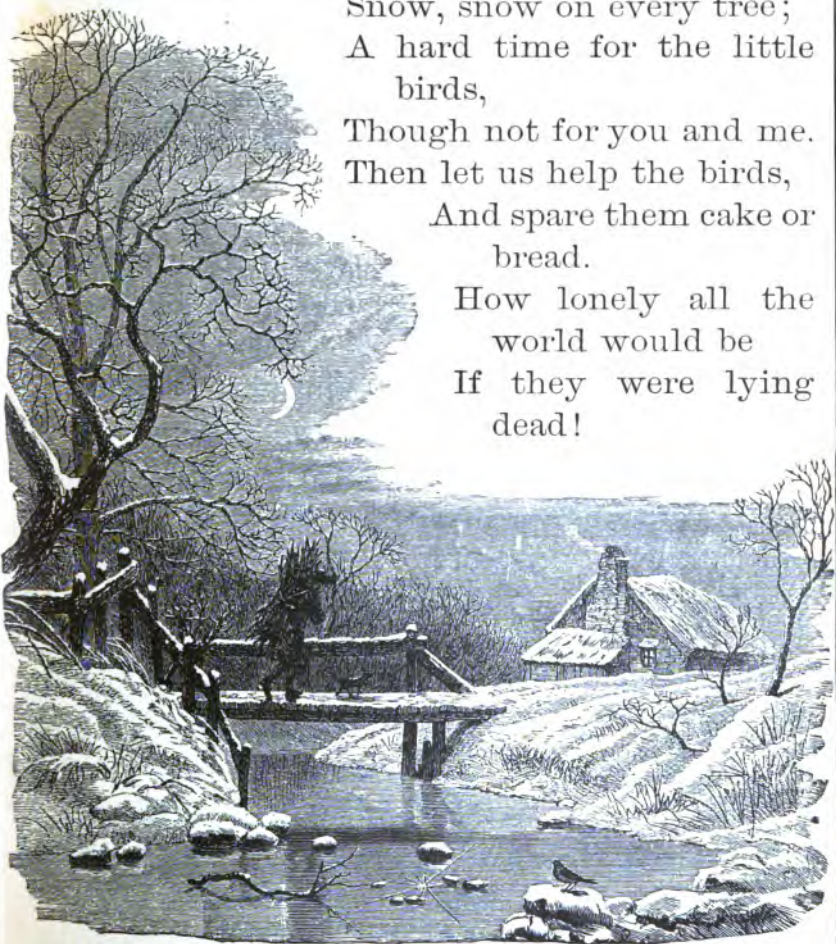
"No. There is a snow seat all around the hut, covered with warm skins."

"They must be very cold."

8. "They are oftener too warm. There is always a lamp, — a kind of saucer full of oil. A great many wicks float in the oil, and they are all lighted. A cooking pot hangs over the lamp; but the most of the meat is eaten raw. In spring the walls begin to drip, and the people are glad to leave their snow huts and live in tents."

LVI. WINTER SNOW

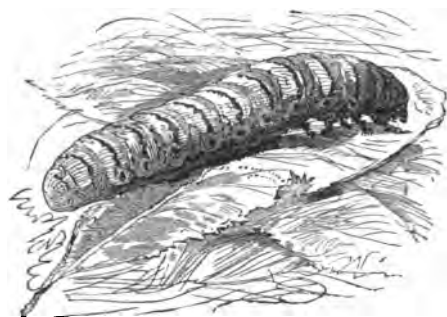
Snow, snow lies on the ground,
 Snow, snow on every tree;
 A hard time for the little
 birds,
 Though not for you and me.
 Then let us help the birds,
 And spare them cake or
 bread.
 How lonely all the
 world would be
 If they were lying
 dead!



LVII. HOW A BUTTERFLY CAME.

Septem'ber		guest		sewed		ham'mock
Novem'ber		seams		clothes		feath'ery

1. Late in September a lady saw a worm upon a willow-leaf. It was two inches long, and as large as her little finger. Stripes of black, green, and yellow went around its little body.



2. The lady carried both the leaf and the sleeper to her home. She took willow-

leaves for it to eat, put them all in a glass dish, and tied lace over it.

3. In just one week her guest was gone. All the leaves were gone; only a lovely green bag was left. It was one inch long, and was made very neatly. It looked like a little bed or cradle. No stitches could be seen, and the seams had an edge like gold cord. There were gold and black dots like tiny buttons on it.



4. And the caterpillar had not gone. He had

sewed himself into the green bag. His old clothes were near by. It looked as if he had pushed them off in a hurry. The new home was made fast to a bit of cloth.

5. Almost six weeks the little sleeper lay in his silken cradle. Early in November he burst the pretty green hammock, and then the old home had turned white.

6. A lovely butterfly came out. It had brown and golden wings, with stripes of black, like cords, on them, and a fringe of white for each stripe.



7. On the edges of the wings were white and yellow dots. The head was black, and had also white and yellow dots on it. The inside of the wings was darker; it was like orange-tinted velvet. And all these changes took place in less than two months.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The caterpillar is the *larvæ* that is to turn into the butterfly. When it has formed the cradle it is in its *pupa* state, and when that bursts it is an *imago*, or perfect insect.

LVIII. "GO HALVES!"

ex hi bi'tion		plāgu'ing		snatched		an'i mals
el'e phants		sol'emn		halves		o'pened

1. Little Fred Mason's father took him to an exhibition of wild animals. After they had looked at the elephants, lions, tigers, and bears, they went to see the monkeys. On the way, Mr. Mason bought two large oranges and gave them to Fred.

2. There were six cages of small animals. One of them was for the "Happy family." Fred thought the creatures in it must be called the "happy family" because the dogs, cats, and monkeys were all the time teasing and plaguing one another. One monkey had a rat in his lap. He tended it as a mother does her baby. The monkey was happy, but Mr. Mason did not think the rat liked it very well.

3. Fred put one orange into his side pocket. He could not wait until he got home to eat the other. As he walked along among the cages he seemed to care more for the fruit than for the animals. He sucked the orange with all his might, till he came to a cage with three monkeys in it.

4. One of them looked very sober and solemn. One opened his mouth and seemed to be laughing. All of them looked at Fred and held out their hands. They could not talk; if they could, they would have said, "Go halves!"

5. The orange was nice and sweet; Fred did not wish to "go halves." He turned away, for he did not like to be asked for what he



was not willing to give. The monkeys put their hands out for some of the orange, but Fred looked the other way.

6. Fred should have looked at the monkeys, for the one nearest to him put out his long arm and snatched the orange from his hand. Fred tried to get it again. While he was doing so, the solemn monkey reached down and took the other orange from his pocket. Fred did not think how near he was to the cage.

7. Then poor Fred began to cry. The laughing

monkey had no orange. He was afraid of the solemn monkey, but he chased the other—the one that had stolen the orange Fred was eating—all round the cage. At last he got it.

8. Fred's father bought two more oranges for him, and he did not go so near the cages again.

NATURAL HISTORY AND LANGUAGE.

Tell what it is about the monkey family that makes them interest you. Speak of their *faces*, their long *arms* and *fingers*, their ways and tricks.



LIX. THE BEES' POCKETS.

hon'ey		ma te'ri als		thi'ghs		in tru'ders
pol'en		pro'po lis		se'cret		in dus'tri ous

1. Bees are very curious little creatures. I suppose they are the most useful of all the insects that fly. They are only about an inch long, and yet what wonderful work they do, all summer long making so much honey and wax for us!

2. They know, too, about every flower in our gardens, and all the signs of the weather; and then they are so kind to their children. When they make their honey, I wonder if you know how they get their materials. Let me tell you.

3. Bees have slender pointed hairs upon their heads. The yellow hairs upon their legs, which we can see with the naked eye, turn out to be a hard, horny sort of combs which they use in the gathering and storing of the pollen of flowers.



4. Besides this, the bees have two little baskets upon their thighs which are the very nicest of side pockets, just such as we should want for holding things.



5. But what do you think they do with these pockets? They first tuck their little heads into the heart of the rose or lily, or other sweet flower, for honey. In doing so they cover them all over with the yellow dust, which is the pollen.

6. Then they take their fore feet and brush it very carefully from the hair, and pass it on to

the middle feet, and on again to the hind feet, when it is safely packed in these little pockets on the thighs. As soon as they are loaded, they fly away home and put it in some secret place.

7. Some of the pollen is given to their babies, and some of it is worked up into wax. This, you know, is used to make the cells. Some of it, called *propolis*, they use to punish intruders, giving them a sort of "tar and feathering."

8. The bees are so industrious, that in five days, by the use of these pockets, they can half fill the hive with honeycomb. The honeycomb makes wax, and the wax is used in a great many ways. When you look at your most beautiful dolls, don't forget that they are really made by the bees, or at least that the material for their faces is.

9. Much more might be told you about these industrious little creatures. But you can find out a great deal for yourselves, if in the summer you hunt up a hive and watch carefully the doings of the bees.

NATURAL HISTORY AND LANGUAGE.

Name some of the sweet flowers that the bees visit. If you have forgotten, turn back to Lesson XII.

The two materials found in the flowers are *nectar* and *pollen*. The nectar makes honey, and the pollen honeycomb.

LX. THE SONG OF THE BEE.

this'tle		drear'y		daf fodi'l'ies		trēas'ure
dai'sy		hon'ey		col'um bine		mēad'ow

Buzz! buzz! buzz!

This is the song of the bee.

His legs are of yellow;

A jolly, good fellow,

And yet a great worker is he.

In days that are sunny

He's getting his honey;

In days that are cloudy

He's making his wax:

On pinks and on lilies,

And gay daffodillies,

And columbine blossoms,

He levies a tax!

Buzz! buzz! buzz!

The sweet-smelling clover,

He, humming, hangs over;

The scent of the roses

Makes fragrant his wings:

He never gets lazy;

From thistle and daisy,

And weeds of the meadow,
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz! buzz! buzz!
From morning's first light
Till the coming of night,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through.
Oh! we may get weary,
And think work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

DICTATION. — WRITE :

lily, lilies; daisy, daisies; fairy, fairies; dolly, dollies.

NATURAL HISTORY.



1. Find in the pictures of the bee the *head*, with its pair of *antennæ* or feelers. Notice where the *wings* are attached, and where each of the three pairs of *legs*. Find also the *joints* in the legs.

2. Tell the colors in a daisy, a thistle, a daffodil, or a columbine.

LXI. THE NEW SUIT.

thou'sand		suit		os'trich		feath'ers
Broad'way		A'sia		Af'ri ca		shop'ping

1. Little Polly Patterson was dressed in her new winter suit ready to go out shopping with her mamma.

2. Her hat was trimmed with pretty feathers; her cloak had a border of white fur, and she carried a small white fur muff.

3. She knew that she looked well, and she wanted her grandpapa to see how pretty she was in her new suit. Grandpapa was reading his daily paper. She went close up to him and said, "See, grandpapa; don't I look nice?"

4. Grandpapa lifted his hands and said, "Dear me! who is this dressed all in feathers and fur? is this Polly?"

5. "Yes, sir," said Polly, with a smile.

"And where did these fine things come from?" asked grandpapa.

"Oh, they came from Mr. Brown's store down on Broadway," said Polly.

6. "They had to come a good many thousand miles to get there," said grandpapa.

"Did they?" asked Polly.

7. "Yes. In the first place somebody away off in Asia or Africa had to catch an ostrich and pull out some of his feathers. The feathers were sent across the wide ocean before Polly could have them on her hat. And somebody up at the far north had to catch a white fox or two, and send his fur over the rivers and mountains before Polly could have a muff and a border around her coat.

8. "Is this a true story that you are telling, grandpapa?" asked Polly.

"Yes, 'tis a true story. What do you think about it, Polly?" said grandpapa. "I'm too little to think about such big things," said Polly.

9. "Well, what can little girls think about?" asked grandpapa.

"Oh, they can think how nice it is to go shopping and buy candy," said Polly. "I'll buy you some to-day if you'll give me the money."

10. Grandpapa made a funny face at Polly; but he gave her a ten-cent piece.

Then Polly went shopping; but she did think also about the ostrich and the white fox.

She asked her grandpapa to tell her more about the animals, and the next lesson tells what she learned about them.

LXII. THE OSTRICH AND THE WHITE FOX.

horse'back		Ar'ab		des'ert		dóz'en
crea'ture		curve		cir'cle		Ice'land

The ostrich is the bird of the desert. With its long legs it can travel very quickly over the hot, dry sands.

Its wings cannot raise it into the air, but they can help it along like the sails of a boat. It is not an easy thing to overtake it.



The Arab hunts on horseback. His horses are the swiftest in the world. If he is called a rích man, it is because he has plenty of camels and horses.

And the horses are strong as well as swift. The

hunt often lasts two or three days, and even then the birds would not be caught but for one little thing.

When the ostrich gets tired, it runs from side to side, or in a curve, and not straight on; so that in time the Arab and his horse gain upon it, and at last come up with it.

The easiest way of hunting is for a great many to go out together to the place where a flock are feeding.

The hunters surround the flock, and form a circle, then come closer and closer till the frightened birds dash madly about. Then the Arabs can either hit them with sticks or shoot them.

The Arab wants the beautiful feathers of the ostrich to sell; he wants the flesh of the young ones to eat; and he can sell the great eggs for as much apiece as we pay for a dozen of the eggs that we use. They are so large that one egg is the same for food as two dozen of our eggs.

But he must be very careful not to put his hand into the nest to get the eggs. If he does, the mother bird will find out that he has been there, and will not lay any more eggs in the nest. So if he finds a nest he pushes out the eggs with a stick. The mother sits upon her

eggs at night, but leaves them for the sun to keep warm in the day time.

The ostrich lives in the hottest countries, and the fox in the coldest.

The white fox is found in Iceland and on the shores of Hudson's Bay. It is taken in a trap.



The fur is pure white, but only in the winter. In summer it is brownish or bluish. It is a pretty little creature, with its big, bright eyes, its pointed nose, and its thick, bushy tail.

The fur is soft and woolly. It covers every part of the body, even to the soles of the feet.

There are foxes in mild and even hot countries, but their fur is red, gray, or silvery.

BOYS' NAMES.

"You said we might write boys' names when we had gone through the alphabet with the girls'. May we begin to-day?" asked Arthur Sanford, one of a group of Miss Hill's boys. "I am the only one for A, but there are a great many

Arthur	Berwick	Charles
Davy	Eugene	Frank
George	Herbert	Isaac
John	Kent	Louis
Martin	Nat	Oswald
Patrick	Robert	Samuel
Thomas	Vincent	Wilfred

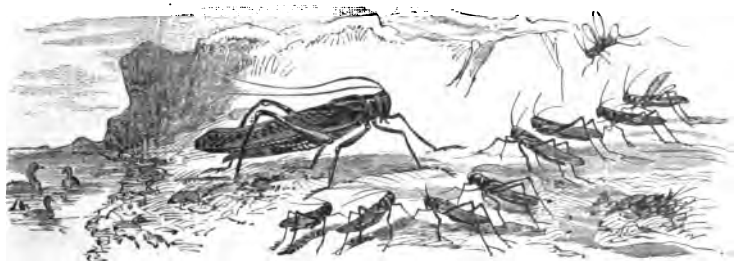
nice names that begin with A. We have thought of some under all the letters except Q, V, and X. Do you know any for those letters?"

"Yes," said Miss Hill; "I know a few. I will tell them when we come to them, if you do not find them out first."

LXIII. NINE LITTLE GAD-ABOUTS.

waist'coat		be thought'		scent'ing		gauz'y		bur'nished
bot'tle green		a lack'		paus'ing		gob'ble		re past'

Little Dame Gad-about, once upon a time,
 Started to the seashore with her children nine.
 Nine little Gad-about, dressed in their best,—
 Bottle-green waistcoat, brownish striped vest;
 Keeping step together, left foot, then the right,
 Like a band of soldiers,—what a pretty sight!



Mistress Quack went bathing on the self-same
 day,
 With her three young ladies in their suits of
 gray,—
 Three charming Misses Quack, coming from
 their bath,
 Met the little Gad-about, marching down the
 path.

Mistress Quack bethought her, "'Tis our time
to dine;
Make yourselves at home, dears, — gobble up
the nine!"



Little Dame Gad-about, scenting the fray,
Lifted her gauzy wings and soared far away.
Nine little Gad-about, pausing, alack!
Furnished a nice repast for the Misses Quack.

LANGUAGE.

Use in sentences: —

Self-same; suits of gray; furnished; gauzy.

"Bethought her" means thought to herself.

"Scenting the fray" means finding out about it.

"Repast" is a word for dinner or supper.

"Alack" is the same as alas.

What other name have you for the "Gad-about?"

LXIV. WHAT THE MOON SAW.—Part I.

famil'iar		ex act'ly		scēnes		fre'quent ly
friend'ly		prom'ised		fash'ion		faith'fully

A Lonely Boy.

1. I am a poor lad. I live round the corner in one of the narrowest lanes of the city. I have plenty of light, though; for my room is in the top of the house, and I can look out over all the roofs.

2. The first days after I came to live in town, I felt very lonely. Instead of the forest and the green hills, I now had nothing but the dingy chimneys all around as far as I could see. Not a single friend had I here, not one familiar face to greet me.

3. One evening I was standing, with a very sad heart, at my window. I opened it, and looked out. Oh, what gladness came over me! I beheld a face I knew, a round, friendly face, my best friend over there from home.

4. It was the moon, the dear old moon, just the same without a bit of change, looking exactly as she used to do when she peeped in upon me through the willows on the moor.

5. I kissed my hand to her over and over again,

and she shone right into my room, and promised that, every evening when she was out, she would look in upon me for a short time.

6. And this promise she has faithfully kept ever since. It is a pity that she cannot make a longer stay. Every time she comes, she tells me of something or other that she has seen the night before or the same evening.

7. "Just paint you the scenes that I tell of," said she, on her first visit, "and you will possess a very pretty picture-book."

This I have done for many an evening now. I could, in my fashion, give a new "Thousand and One Nights,"* in pictures. It was not every evening, however, that the moon came; frequently a cloud stood between her and me.

LANGUAGE.

Use other words in the place of *plenty*, *familiar*, *beheld*, *possess*, *fashion*, *frequently*.

The "painting" that the story speaks of is what we call *word-painting*; that is, making pictures in our minds. One of the names that the author gave to the stories was "A Picture Book without Pictures." The same author wrote "The Ugly Duckling," "The Tinder-Box," and many other stories.

* "Thousand and One Nights" is the name of a book of stories.

LXV. WHAT THE MOON SAW.—Part II.

e lev'en		pres'ently		se vere'ly		fore'head
ter'ror		flut'ter ing		yes'ter day		glid'ed

The Little Girl and the Chickens.

1. "Yesterday," said the moon to me, "I was peeping down upon a little court-yard, with houses on every side. There lay a hen with eleven chickens, and a beautiful little girl was jumping round among them.

2. "The hen clucked, and spread her wings in great terror over her little young ones. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her; and I glided away, and thought no more of the matter.

3. "But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down again into the same court-yard. There was perfect stillness. But presently the little girl came out.

4. "She stepped softly over to the hen-house, raised the latch, and slipped in among the hens and chickens. They cried out loudly, and flew fluttering round about, while the little one ran after them. I saw it all plainly, for I was peeping in through a hole in the wall.

5. "I was quite angry with the naughty child,

and felt glad when her father came out and caught her fast by the arm, and scolded her still more severely than he did yesterday. She hung down her head and turned it away; there were big tears in her blue eyes.

8. “‘What are you doing here?’ he asked.

“She wept. ‘I wanted,’ she said, ‘to kiss the hen, and to beg her pardon for yesterday, but I did not like to tell you.’

“And the father kissed the sweet child on the forehead; I kissed her myself on the eyes and the mouth.”



LXVI. UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

[MEMORY GEM.]

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat?
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

* Let this be recited without comment unless children ask the meaning of such words as *enemy*, *ambition*, and *shun*. When it is entirely familiar as it is, tell them what it means in simple words; that is, paraphrase it for them.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live in the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets?
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall we see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

W. SHAKESPEARE.



LXVII. WHAT THE MOON SAW.— Part III.

del'icate		fan'cied		re mem'bered		sug'ar-loaf
mis'er a ble		hob'bles		stout-heart'ed		gob'lin-shapes

The Doll up a Tree.

1. "I saw a little girl weeping," said the moon;
 "she was weeping because of the badness there
 was in the world.

"She had had as a present the most beautiful
 of dolls. Oh! was it not a doll!—so nice and
 delicate, and not at all made for rough handling.

2. "But the little girl's brothers, those big fel-
 lows, had taken the doll and set it up in a high
 tree in the garden and then run away. The
 little girl could not reach the doll, she could do

nothing to help it down; and that was why she was crying.

3. "The doll wept, too; it stretched out its arms among the green branches, and looked quite miserable. Yes, here were some of the things which mamma spoke about—the hard things of life.

4. "Poor doll! The evening was already beginning to grow dark, and night would come on while it was still up in the tree. Was it to be left sitting there alone the whole night through?

5. "No, no; the little girl's heart could not bear that. 'I will stay with you,' said she, though she was not very stout-hearted.

6. "She fancied she already saw quite plainly little ugly fairy men, with their tall sugar-loaf caps peeping from among the bushes, and that down in the dark walk long goblin-shapes were dancing.

7. "These, she fancied, came nearer and nearer, stretched out their hands towards the tree where the doll was sitting, and laughed and pointed their fingers at her. Ah! how frightened the little lass was!

8. "'But if one has not done anything wrong,' thought she, 'nobody can do one any harm. I wonder whether I have done anything wrong.'

9. "And she remembered: 'Ah, yes!' said she, 'I laughed at the poor duck with the red rag about its leg, which hobbles along in such a funny way; that is why I laughed at it; but it is wrong to laugh at the animals.'

10. "Then she looked up at the doll. 'Did you laugh at the animals?' she asked; and it seemed as if the doll shook its head."



LXVIII. WHAT THE MOON SAW.—Part IV.

trav'elling		prop'erly		com'rāde		bru'in
fright'ened		thun'dered		touched		shag'gy

The Bear that Played at Soldiers.

1. "It was in a little country town," said the moon; "I saw it last year. Down in the inn parlor sat a man who was travelling about with a bear.

2. "He was eating his supper. Bruin, poor fellow, who never did any harm to anybody, grim enough though he looked,—poor bruin stood outside, tied up behind the stack of firewood.

3. "Up in the garret, in the light of my clear rays, three little children were playing: the eldest might be six years old, the youngest not

more than two. 'Stump! stump!' was a step coming up stairs. Who could it be? The door flew open; it was bruin,—great shaggy bruin.

4. "He had got tired of standing down there in the yard, and had now found his way up stairs. I saw it all," said the moon.



5. "The children were frightened at the great shaggy beast. They crept each of them into a corner; but he found them all out, and touched them all over with his nose, but he did them no harm whatever.

6. "This is surely a big dog,' they thought,

and so they began to stroke him. Then he laid himself down on the floor, and the youngest boy threw himself above him, and hid his head, with its golden curls, in the bear's thick black fur, playing at hide-and-seek.

7. "The eldest boy took his drum, and beat upon it till it thundered again. Then the bear rose up on his hind legs and began to dance. It was very charming, indeed.

8. "Next, each boy took his gun, and the bear must have one also, and he held it quite properly; this was a splendid comrade that they had got. Then they marched,—'one, two; one, two.'"

9. "Presently some one came to the door, and it opened. This was the mother of the children. You should have seen her,—seen her dumb terror, her face as white as chalk, her mouth half open, her eyes fixed and staring.

10. "But the youngest boy nodded ever so joyfully, and shouted at the top of his voice and said, 'We are just playing at soldiers!' And at this moment the bear's keeper came in."

HANS C. ANDERSEN.

LANGUAGE.

Tell what made the mother so afraid. How had the bear learned so much?

LXIX. TONG WING.

queue (<i>kū</i>)	trem'bles	tel'e graph	Chi'na
braid'ed	de spair'	un us'u al	Chi nese'

1. Tong Wing is a little Chinese boy. He has long, narrow eyes and a round face. His hair is shaved off his head, except on the crown, where it grows long, and is braided with red silk into a long queue.



2. Tommy's mother keeps Tong to wash dishes, and help her about the house. He is only eight years old, and so small that he has to stand up on a box to reach the dish-pan; but he is very quick and handy, and hardly ever

breaks anything or does any harm.

3. He says he has a dear mother away off in China, and he hopes to save enough money some time to go back and see her.

Nobody seems to care for him except a tall, cross-looking Chinaman, that he calls his cousin.

4. This cousin comes to see him every Sunday, and little Tong always looks glad when he goes. I do not wonder, for he always says to Tommy's mother: "This boy no good, play, bleak (break) dishes, you tell me; I whip him." And then he scowls until poor little Tong trembles in his wooden shoes.



5. But Tommy's mother always says, "Oh, no! he's a very good boy;" and she wonders how her own Tommy would get along washing dishes in some rich Chinaman's kitchen.

6. When his work is done, Tong loves to play

with Tommy; and a very pleasant playmate he makes, too.

7. He once made a wonderful kite for Tommy. It was the best kite in town, until it fell in love with the telegraph wire, and refused to come back to earth. Tong and Tommy were in despair.

8. Tong made a new one, in the form of a bird. It had gold eyes, and red, blue, and yellow feathers. It was done on Friday, and on Saturday morning the wind was just right. Tong wanted to go right out, for the wind might go down; but he had his dishes to wash, and it would take him an hour.

9. "Leave 'em on the table, Tongy; ma won't care!" said Tommy.

But Tong shook his head, and looked sad.

"You go up stair; me do 'em welly (very) quick," he said. And when Tommy had gone, he piled them up in the closet, on the floor, and covered them over with the big clothes-basket. Then he coiled his queue around his head, called Tommy, and off they skipped, holding the kite between them.

10. When Tommy's mother came down stairs to see about lunch, she saw the basket in that

unusual place. She was very much surprised to find the dirty dishes underneath.

Tong stayed out longer than he intended, and when he came in he was frightened to find the basket gone and the dishes washed.

11. His round face was very long, as he said to Tommy's mother, "You tell my cousin?"

"No," said his kind mistress, "but you must not do that again, Tong."

And Tong has never been naughty since.

LANGUAGE.

Make a story of your own out of this lesson, telling what Tong was like, and what he did.



LXX. THE WHITE CAT. — Part I.

com pan'ion		hand'some		ad ven'tures		pal'ace
buck'ets		lug'gage		o ver took'		reign

1. There was once a king who had three brave and handsome sons. As they grew such fine, tall young men, he began to be afraid that they might want to rule his kingdom before he was dead. This troubled him much, for though he loved his sons, he loved his crown too.

2. At last he called the three sons, and said,

“My dear sons, I shall soon be getting too old to reign any longer; but you are all three so brave, and wise, and good, that I do not know which of you to choose to be king in my place.

3. “Now I know that when I am no longer king I shall feel rather lonely and dull, in my quiet country palace, and I think I should like



to have a nice, clever, pretty little dog to be a companion to me.

4. “So I wish all three of you to go out into the wide world, and choose me the very best little dog you can find. You shall travel for a year and a day, and then bring home the best dog you have seen, and I think that the one of

you who shows most sense in his choice will be most fit to be a good and wise king. So I will give him my crown."

5. The three princes were well pleased with this plan. Their father gave them plenty of money, and before they started they held a great feast, at which they were very loving to each other, and promised that the one who was given the crown would never forget to be kind to his brothers.

6. Then they parted. All three met with many strange adventures; but I will only tell you about the youngest, as the most wonderful thing of all happened to him.

7. He was a very handsome young fellow, and so kind-hearted that every one who knew him loved him, and the people very much hoped that he would some day be their king.

8. Besides, Prince Beryl (that was the youngest prince's name) was very clever. He could sing, and play, and dance, and paint, better than any of the masters who had taught him. He had read all the books and all the newspapers in the world; but he was not at all vain, and he was always so cheerful that he was called the Merry Prince.

9. Prince Beryl went off by himself. He took no servants, no luggage, no horses or carriages, but walked along whistling, dressed in very plain clothes.

10. Whenever he came to a town he gave out word that he wanted to buy a dog. So that each morning, when the people heard of the high price he offered, they came around the door of his inn, leading dozens and hundreds of dogs.

11. Fat dogs, lean dogs, big dogs, small dogs, black dogs and white dogs, old dogs and puppies, they brought. Dogs that could do tricks, watch dogs, sporting dogs, and dogs so delicate and pretty that they were only fit to lie on a silk pillow; dogs of every sort and size the prince saw, till at last he must have wished there were no such things as dogs in the world.

12. Each day he bought a fresh dog and got rid of the last one. Then he went on his way, leading the new dog by a string. At last, one evening, he came, footsore and very weary, to a great forest.

13. Night overtook him in this lonely place, and, worse still, bright flashes of lightning and heavy peals of thunder came quickly one after

the other; and then the rain began to rush down as if some one in the clouds were pouring water out of buckets.

LANGUAGE.

Count the different kinds of dogs. Tell what words are used to describe them.



LXXI. A BLACK PROBLEM.

prob'lem		weav'ing		im proved'		crea'tures
shroud		corn'field		frol'ic some		gath'ered

I counted ten cows in the cornfield to-day,
And nine black squirrels on the brush-fence at
play;

Eight black rabbits were hopping about;
Seven black beetles from the brown earth looked
out;

Six black spiders were weaving a shroud
For the five black flies that were buzzing so loud.

Four black bees gathered honey from flowers;
Three little black ants improved the bright
hours;

Two black kittens just over the way,
Chased one black chicken in frolicsome play.

How many black creatures did I see the whole
day?

How many at work, and how many at play?

X IX VIII VII VI V IV III II I

$$10 + 9 + 8 + 7 + 6 + 5 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 1 =$$

$$10 + 6 + 4 + 3 = \quad 9 + 8 + 7 + 5 + 2 + 1 =$$

Practise writing both letters and figures.



LXXII. THE WHITE CAT.—Part II

pre'cious		won'dered		jour'ney		pearls
wood'man		hur'ried		di'a monds		suit

1. Prince Beryl was wet to the skin in a few moments. He hurried on, not knowing which way to go, but at last, to his great joy, he saw a bright light shining through the trees. He hurried still more, dragging his dog after him by a piece of string, and soon reached the spot from whence the bright light came.

2. As he came nearer, the dog which he led began to bark, and would not be still, but

pulled at his string, and tried to go on as fast as he could.

3. It was not an inn, nor a woodman's house, as Prince Beryl supposed, but the grandest castle you can think of, from which the light came.

4. The walls were of china, painted all over with pictures out of fairy tales, and the light shone through, so that they could be seen as well by night as by day. In every window hung lamps, by whose light Prince Beryl could see a great gate made of precious stones.



5. Beside it hung a kid's foot, on a chain of diamonds.

This seemed to be meant for a bell, so Prince Beryl gave it a pull.

6. At once the castle gate flew open, though Prince Beryl could not see that any one was there; only in the air he saw a great many pairs of hands, holding lamps of silver.

7. As he stood looking at them in surprise, the hands took him by the shoulders, and gently pushed him into the castle, leaving the barking dog outside.

8. The Prince was made to walk on through one fine room after another, gently pushed by these strange hands. All the rooms were very splendid, and very brightly lighted by thousands of lamps and candles. At last he came to a dressing-room, where there was a bright fire.

9. The Prince was glad to see a fire, after his cold, wet journey. The hands made him stay in this room. Then they helped him to take off his wet clothes, and dressed him in a very fine velvet suit, worked with pearls and gold thread.

10. This was very nice. The only thing Prince Beryl did not quite like was to have these strange hands so busy about him.

11. Next they led him into a great hall, or dining-room. The walls of this room were painted all over with cats and their doings. There was all the story of Puss in Boots; there was a cat looking at a king, and many more pictures. In all of them the cats seemed to be very clever indeed.

12. A table was laid ready for supper, with places for two people, and Prince Beryl wondered very much who the people were to be.

13. Soon a good many cats came walking into

the room on their hind legs. Some had fiddles, some had flutes, and others had books of music. They sat down before some desks and began a concert, some playing, while the others mewed in different tones.

14. They made such a dreadful noise that Prince Beryl put his fingers to his ears; but the cats seemed very well pleased with themselves. Presently the door opened again, and some very fine large cats came walking gravely in on their hind legs, two and two.

15. Among them walked a very funny little figure, covered all over with a large black veil. It came close up to the Prince, and threw back the veil. Then he could see that it was the very prettiest little white kitten that ever was seen.

16. "Prince Beryl," she said, "you are welcome to Cat Castle. My purring majesty is glad to see you. Sit down to the table; we will have supper together."

LANGUAGE.

Precious stones are such as are seen in jewelry, such as pins and finger rings. Among them are the *ruby*, the *emerald*, the *diamond*. *Pearls* are found on shells in the deep sea.

. LXXIII. LULLABY.

[MEMORY GEM.]

west'ern | breathe | dy'ing | moon. | babe ; sails

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea;

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow.

Blow him again to me;

While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west,

Under the silver moon;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

TENNYSON.

LANGUAGE. — The teacher will need to explain "rolling waters," "dying moon," and "Blow him again to me."

LXXIV. THE WHITE CAT.—Part III.

pig'eons		a mus'ing		cov'ered		al read'y
mon'key		squall'ing		to geth'er		ar rive'

1. Prince Beryl did as he was told; but he was very much surprised. Some soup made of white mice was brought to the little cat. When a plate was put before the Prince, he did not like to begin to eat.

2. The White Cat said to him, "Do not be afraid, Prince; your soup is made of pigeons." The soup was very good, and so was the rest of the supper; but the White Cat had dishes for herself, made of rats and mice and fish, and other things that cats like, with plenty of milk.

3. She talked all the time to the Prince, and he found that she knew all that was going on in the world, and had read a great many books.

4. After supper some cats and monkeys danced to amuse them, while a kitten played the fiddle. When it grew late, the Prince was led by the hands to a bedroom, all covered with most beautiful wings of butterflies.

5. Next day there was a great hunt. The cats ran after rabbits and hares, and caught them; kittens climbed trees for birds; and White Cat

herself rode a monkey, which went very fast, and carried her even to the tops of the trees, or wherever she wished to go.

6. After the hunt White Cat took out a little horn and blow it. As soon as the sound was



heard, cats began to arrive from all parts of the country. Some flew through the air on bats; some came by water in boats. So many cats had never been seen together before.

7. They were all dressed in their best (for these were pet cats), and the whole troop went back to the White Cat's castle, where there was a splendid feast. This was very amusing; but Prince Beryl would have liked it better if there had been a little less mewling and squalling.

8. The days passed so gayly that Prince Beryl

forgot all about his father and his brothers, and even forgot the little dog he had come to seek. There were parties for hunting and fishing each day. Indoors there were games and dances.

9. At last, one day the White Cat said to him, "Prince, do you know that you have only three days left in which to find your dog and go home, and that your brothers are on their way back already, each with a most lovely dog?"

10. Prince Beryl was in great trouble when he found he had so little time left. "What shall I do?" he said. "I can never get home in time, much less find a dog." He began to feel very sad.

11. "Do not be sad, Prince," said the White Cat. "Come to the door with me." He went, and saw a horse made of wood, standing outside.

12. "There," said the White Cat; "you have only to wind this horse up, and he will go faster than any horse, or any thing in the world. He will never be tired, nor want food." Then she gave him an acorn.

13. "There is a little dog in this," she said, "more beautiful than you can fancy, and very clever." "O Madam Cat, you are making fun

of me," said the Prince. "Put it to your ear," said the cat.

14. He did so, and heard a sound inside—"Bow wow!" He was going to open the acorn, but the cat told him not to do that, as the dog might catch cold on the journey.

15. He thanked the cat for all her kindness to him. She only replied by a deep sigh. Then he mounted the wooden horse, which went off at once at a great pace.

LANGUAGE.

"Clever," in paragraph 13, means wise and easily taught.

"Hares" are animals much like rabbits, but larger.



LXXV. THE WHITE CAT.—Part IV.

cush'ion	hap'pened	splen'did	nee'dle
pret'tily	mat'tress	twen'ty-four	wal'nut

1. The horse went so fast that he reached the castle where he was to meet his brothers, almost as soon as they did. They laughed at the wooden horse; but it began to spring and jump with great grace.

2. On the way, Prince Beryl had bought an ugly cur, with one ear off, and no tail. He showed this to his brothers, who laughed very much, and showed him two lovely little dogs, each lying on a satin cushion in a glass case.

3. Then they went to the king. The dogs of the two brothers were so pretty and so clever that it was hard to choose between them. Then Prince Beryl showed his cur, and all the court laughed.

4. But he said, "Well, I have another, if you do not like that one." He opened his acorn, and there lay the most wonderful little dog, with silky white hair and long ears.

5. The dog jumped down, and began to dance very prettily. Then it walked up to the King, and made him a low bow, as if it said, "Do I please you?"

6. But the King was not much pleased, for his crown was more dear to him than all the dogs in the world; yet he could not expect to find a more lovely dog. So he told his sons they must go and travel for another year, and bring him a piece of cloth that would pass through the eye of the finest needle in the city.

7. The two elder Princes were glad to have another chance of the crown ; but Prince Beryl did not feel that he had been well treated. He mounted the wooden horse, which started at once for the castle. There he found all the doors open, all the windows lighted with lamps of gay colors.

8. White Cat lay in her basket, on a satin mattress. When she saw the Prince she began to purr. "I am very glad to see you," she said, "and I know all that has happened. But I have some cats in my castle that can spin very well, and I will put a paw to the work myself. Now let us be merry."

9. So this year passed as happily as the other, and the Prince was quite surprised when he was told that the last day had come. The White Cat gave him a splendid carriage and horses, and other carriages full of lords in grand dresses, to go with him. "You will find your cloth in this walnut," she said.

10. "Oh, dear White Puss! how kind you are!" he cried. "Do come home with me; we will be so happy together."

"What would you do with a little cat like me?" she asked.

11. So Prince Beryl had to kiss her paw and go. He was a thousand miles from home; but the horses went so fast that in twenty-four hours he was there.

12. His brothers had already shown their pieces of cloth, which were fine enough to pass through the eye of a large needle, but not that of a small one. So the king would not give them the crown.

LANGUAGE.

A "cur" is a dog that is not of pure breed; that is, he may be part shepherd and part spaniel or terrier, and so is not of much value.



LXXVI. FATHER'S RETURN.

cheer'y		wea'ried		streak		de clin'ing
glis'ten		sheaves		op pres'ses		ca res'ses

All the day long in the cornfield so weary,
 Father has toiled in the heat of the sun;
 Now the great bell from the farmyard rings
 cheery,
 Telling the time of his labor is done.

Far in the west streaks of crimson are shining,
 Where the last sunbeam is just out of sight;

Slowly and brightly I watched it declining
Through the old elm-tree, all golden with
light.

Soon will the night come, the darkness will
gather

Over the fields, and
the trees, and the
leaves,

And the round moon
will shine brightly
where father

Reaped down the
harvest and bound
the brown sheaves.

Beasts have lain down where the
bright dewdrops glisten,

Birds have gone home to their
roosts long ago,

Only the bat brushes by as I lis-
ten,

Or the black beetle hums drowsy and slow.

Lay the white cloth for his coming, dear
mother;

Set out his chair where he likes it to be;



Close at his side you shall stand, little brother,
Baby shall sit like a queen on his knee.

From the hard hand that has labored so truly,
Toiling and straining that we might have
bread,

We'll take the sickle that did its work duly,
Leave it to-night with the spade in the shed.

We'll hang around him with smiles and caresses,
Make him forget, as we climb on his chair,
Toil that has wearied, and care that oppresses,
All but his home and his little ones there.

LANGUAGE.

What do you think is meant by the sun's "declining"?
Tell what kind of a spirit you think the verses show.



LXXVII. THE WHITE CAT.—Part V.

Blanche		ma'jesty		wed'dings		ha'zel
reigned		sulk'ily		mus'tard		ker'nel

1. Then Prince Beryl came in, and they were all surprised at his grand dress and carriage, and all his followers. He cracked his walnut, and found in it a hazel-nut. He cracked that, and found a cherry-stone. In it was its kernel.

2. Then the King laughed, and the other Princes began to whisper; but the Prince took out of the kernel a grain of wheat. In the grain of wheat was a mustard-seed.

3. Then he gave up hope, and began to mutter, "Ah! White Cat, you have cheated me." As he spoke, he felt a cat's claw scratch his hand, so that the blood came.

4. He opened the mustard-seed, and took out a piece of cloth, five hundred yards long and three yards wide. On it were worked all the birds, beasts, and fishes in the world; the sun, moon, and stars; every sort of plant and tree that grows; and pictures of all the kings and queens then in the world, and all their subjects, down to the smallest child.

5. The King became as pale as death when he saw it. Prince Beryl passed it through the needle again and again, while the other Princes looked on very sulkily, though all the Court



could not help gazing at the wonderful stuff, and admiring it.

6. "My sons, this is very wonderful," said the King at last; "but we have all forgotten one thing, which is, that a king needs a wife. Travel one year more, and he who brings home the most lovely lady shall be crowned and married on the same day."

7. Prince Beryl was not much pleased, but he drove off to his puss, and found all the road strown with flowers and hung with flags. White Cat sat on a throne by the gate. "You shall have a lady," she said. "Stay with me now for another year."

8. To amuse the Prince, she had ordered a great sea-fight between her cats and the rats of the country. The cats had pieces of cork for ships; the rats had egg-shells. It was a hard battle, for the cats did not like the water; but the rats swam well. In the end the cats won.

9. When the last day came, the White Cat said to Prince Beryl, "Cut off my head and tail, and throw them into the fire quickly." But the Prince cried out,—

10. "My Pussy, my darling Pussy! I would not be so cruel for ten crowns!" However, she

begged so hard that at last he drew his sword and cut off her head and tail.

11. In a moment the cat was gone, and before him stood the most beautiful lady he had ever seen. At once a number of lords and ladies came in, each with a cat-skin.

12. They threw themselves at the lady's feet, and called her their dear Princess Blanche. Then came a troop of servants, and did the same.

The Princess told Prince Beryl that some angry fairies had changed her and all her ladies and gentlemen into cats, and had left of her servants only the hands, and that she could only be set free by a handsome young prince.

13. They set out at once for the King's palace; and, the moment the Princess Blanche came in, every one cried out that she was the most lovely of all the ladies in the world.

14. "Your majesty," she said to the King, "I do not come to take your crown. I have six kingdoms of my own. If you will accept one for yourself, I will give one each to your elder sons, and the three that are left will be quite enough for Prince Beryl and me."

15. So every one was pleased, and the three weddings took place, for the other Princes had each brought home a handsome wife. King Beryl and Queen Blanche reigned for many years, loved by all their subjects.

LANGUAGE. — After having read this story several times, the points should be recalled from memory as a Language and Memory exercise.



LXXVIII. THE BAT.

wea'sel | escaped' | weight | tum'bling | mista'ken

1. The bat is a queer little creature. He wears a coat of soft, brown fur, like the mouse. Yet he has a pair of wings, and flies in the air like a bird. His legs are so small and weak that, small as he is, they could hardly bear his weight; when we see him we hardly know whether to think of him as a beast or a bird.

2. Here is a very old story of a bat, who saved his life by passing first for one and then for the other:

A bat trying to fly one day, the story says, fell to the ground, and a weasel caught him.

He begged the weasel not to take his life.

"I always kill birds," said the weasel.

3. "But I am not a bird," said the bat, as he folded his wings close to his sides; "birds don't come tumbling down as I did; and besides, don't you see my little, smooth head, and my ears?"

4. "Yes, yes," said the weasel; "I did not notice them at first. I see you are a mouse." So he let him go.

Some time after, the bat took another flight,



and again fell to the ground; and another weasel came out of his hole and caught him.

5. "Pray don't kill me," said the bat.

"Certainly I shall," said the weasel; "I kill mice wherever I find them."

"But stop a moment," said the bat, spreading his wings; "I am not a mouse. Don't you see my great wings. A mouse can't fly, can it?"

6. "I beg your pardon," said the weasel; "I did

not know you were a bird. I thought you were a mouse. I see I was mistaken;" and the bat escaped a second time.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The bat is like the mouse in many things; but his hind legs are weak, and his fore legs are very long. The long hands are mere bones, with a thin skin between them. When the bat spreads them out to fly with, they are like two great fans, or like parts of an umbrella.

The bat flies about at night, and hides in dark places in the daytime. Its habits are as unlike those of the mouse as possible.



LXXIX. BEAUTIFUL GRANDMAMMA.

quaint		win'some		dim'pled		zest		his'to ry
a'pron		knit'ting		peace'ful		knee		silk'en

Grandmamma sits in her quaint arm-chair, —
 Never was lady more sweet and fair.
 Her gray locks ripple like silver shells;
 And her own brow its story tells
 Of a gentle life, a peaceful even,
 A trust in God, and a hope in heaven.

Little girl May sits rocking away
 In her own low seat like some winsome fay:

Two doll babies her kisses share,
And another one lies by the side of her chair.
May is as fair as the morning dew;
Cheeks of roses, and ribbons of blue.

"Say, grandmamma," says the pretty elf,
"Tell me a story about yourself.
When you were little, what did you play?
Were you good or naughty the whole long day?
Was it hundreds and hundreds of years ago?
And what makes your soft hair as white as
snow?"

"Did you have a mamma to hug and kiss?
And a dolly like this, and this, and this?
Did you have a pussy like my little Kate?
Did you go to bed when the clock struck eight?
Did you have long curls, and beads like mine?
And a new silk apron with ribbons fine?"

Grandmamma smiled at the little maid,
And, laying aside her knitting, she said,
"Go to my desk, and a red box you'll see;
Carefully lift it and bring it to me."
So May put her dollies away, and ran,
Saying, "I'll be careful as ever I can."

The grandmamma opened the box, and lo!
A beautiful child, with throat like snow;
Lip just tinted like pink shell rare;
Eyes of hazel, and golden hair;
Hands all dimpled, and teeth like pearls,—
Fairest and sweetest of little girls.

“Oh! who is it?” cried winsome May;
“How I do wish she were here to-day!
Wouldn’t I love her like everything?
Wouldn’t I with her frolic and sing?
Say, dear grandmamma, who can she be?”
“Darling,” said grandmamma, “I was she.”

May looked long at the dimpled grace,
And then at the saint-like, fair old face.
“How funny!” she cried, with a smile and a
kiss,
“To have such a dear little grandma as this;
Still,” she added, with smiling zest,
“I think, dear grandma, I like you best.”

So May climbed up on the silken knee,
And grandmamma told her history,—
What plays she played, what toys she had;
How at times she was naughty, or good, or sad.

“But the best thing you did,” said May, “don’t you see?”

Was to grow a beautiful grandma for me.”

LANGUAGE.

The arm-chair was *quaint* because it was of some odd kind, perhaps the kind they used when the grandmamma was young. “Even” means the same as evening. It means the “close of life” here, just as the evening is the close of the day. The “hope in heaven” means that the grandmamma was looking forward to a more beautiful life than any one could have in this world.



LXXX. MEDIO POLLITO.—Part 1.

man'aged		disturbed'		sus pect'ed		min'is ters
in'no cent		ac quaint'ed		court'iers		frugal'i ty

1. Medio Pollito, a bantam pullet, by labor and frugality once saved a hundred crowns. The king, who is always in want of money, had no sooner heard of it than he sent to borrow them, and Medio Pollito was proud to lend her money to the king.

2. But there came a bad season when she would have been very glad to have it again. She wrote letter after letter to the king and the ministers,

but no one replied, so that at last she resolved to go in search of her money herself, and she set out for the king's palace.

3. On the way she met a fox.

"Where are you going, Medio Pollito?" said he.

"I am going to see the king, who owes me a hundred crowns."

"Take me with you."

"It will not be the least trouble. Jump down my throat, and I will carry you."

4. The fox jumped down her throat as he was bidden, and on she went, delighted at having done him a favor.

A little further on she met a wolf.

"Where are you going, Medio Pollito?" said he.

5. "I am going to see the king, who owes me a hundred crowns."

"Take me with you."

"With pleasure. Jump down my throat, and I will carry you."

The wolf jumped down her throat, and off she went once more. He was a little heavy, but the thought that he wished to take the journey gave her courage.

6. As she drew near the palace, she met a river.

"Where are you going, Medio Pollito?" asked the river.

"I am going to see the king, who owes me a hundred crowns."

"Take me with you."

"I have a heavy load already; but if you can find room down my throat, I will carry you."

7. The river made itself very small, and glided down her throat on the spot.

The poor little chicken could scarcely walk; but she managed to reach the door of the palace.

"Rap, rap!" went the knocker. The porter put his head out of the window to see who was there.

8. "Whom do you want to see, Medio Pollito?" said he.

"I am going to see the king, who owes me a hundred crowns."

The porter took pity on the innocent young chicken. "Go away, my pretty pullet," said he; "the king doesn't like to be disturbed, and those who trouble him have to suffer for it."

9. "Open the door," said she. "I must speak to the king. He is well acquainted with me; he has my property."

The king was told that Medio Pollito wished

to speak with him. He was at the table, feasting with his courtiers. He burst out laughing, for he suspected what was the matter.

10. "Bring in my dear friend," said he, "and put her in the poultry-yard."

The door opened, and the king's dear friend entered quietly, sure that she was about to receive her money. But instead of taking her up the great staircase, the servant led her to a little courtyard, raised a latch, and behold! Medio Pollito found herself shut up in the poultry-yard.



LXXXI. MEDIO POLLITO.—Part II.

let'tuce	hud'dled	extraor'dinary	smoth'ered
en'emies	ac ces'sion	un pro tect'ed	crouched

1. The cock, who was busy with a lettuce leaf, looked down on her without saying a word; but the hens began to peck her and to chase her in all directions. Hens are always cruel to strangers that come to them unprotected.

2. Medio Pollito, who was a peaceful and orderly little chicken, not accustomed to quarrelling at home, was terribly frightened at the

sight of all these enemies. She crouched in a corner, and cried with all her might, "Fox, fox, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost chicken!"

And behold! the fox jumped out of her throat and ate up all the hens.

3. The servant who carried the corn to the poultry found nothing but feathers on her arrival. She ran in tears to tell the king, who turned red with anger.

"Shut up this crazy Medio Pollito in the sheep-fold," said he; and to comfort himself he ordered some more wine.

4. Once in the sheep-fold, Medio Pollito saw herself in greater peril than in the poultry-yard. The sheep were huddled close together, and threatened every moment to trample the poor chicken under foot. She had just succeeded in taking shelter behind a post when a great ram threw himself down there and nearly smothered her in his fleece.

5. "Wolf, wolf, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost chicken!" cried she.

And behold! the wolf jumped out of her throat and killed all the sheep in the twinkling of an eye.

6. The king's anger knew no bounds when he learned what had just happened. He overturned glasses and bottles, ordered a great fire to be kindled, and sent to the kitchen for a spit.

"The wretch!" he cried; "I will roast her, to teach her better than to kill everything in my palace!"

7. The poor, trembling Medio Pollito was brought before the fire. The king held her in one hand and the spit in the other, when she hastily murmured,—

8. "River, river, come out of my throat, or I am a little lost chicken!"

And behold! the river flowed out of her throat, put out the fire, and drowned the king and all the courtiers.

9. Medio Pollito, left mistress of the palace, sought in vain for her hundred crowns; they had all been spent. But as there was no one on the throne, she mounted it in the king's place, and the people welcomed her with shouts of rejoicing; they were delighted to have a queen that knew how to save.

10. This story appears strange, and I should not tell it to you if it had not a moral, which seems, at first sight, to be that it is not well to lend

money to spendthrifts; but this is not the true one. The true moral of the story is that we should always be obliging to everybody, however absurd it may sometimes appear, for kindness never fails to be its own reward in the end.

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JEAN MACE.

LANGUAGE.

Tell what *property* is, and what is meant by *spendthrifts*.

Use the words *obliging*, *absurd*, *reward*, *welcomed*.

What is meant by *sought in vain*? *knew no bounds*?



LXXXII. SILVER MINNOW.

ven'ture some		cap'tain		côr'al		sai'lor		mer'maid
min'now		for'ests		grōves		snare		pi'rate

Silver minnow's gone to sea,
 He a captain bold would be;
 Venturesome young fish is he,
 Pretty silver minnow.

Silver minnow fain would go
 Where the coral forests grow,
 Through the seaweed groves below,
 Restless silver minnow!

Silver minnow's pert and smart,—
Through the water see him dart;
He knows all a sailor's art,
Pretty silver minnow.



Silver minnow fears no snare
Where the mermaids comb their hair;
May no pirate meet him there,
Foolish silver minnow!

NATURAL HISTORY.

The fish feels cold when we touch it because its blood is cold. It has gills to breathe with instead of lungs, and so breathes the air that is in the water. It moves by means of fins, and has either a naked skin or a covering of scales.

Mermaids are sea-fairies. They are said to have heads like women, but to be like fishes in other ways.

Pirates are sea-robbers, or murderers.

LXXXIII. GOD'S CARE.

approach'es | twink'ling | contin'u ally | disturbed'

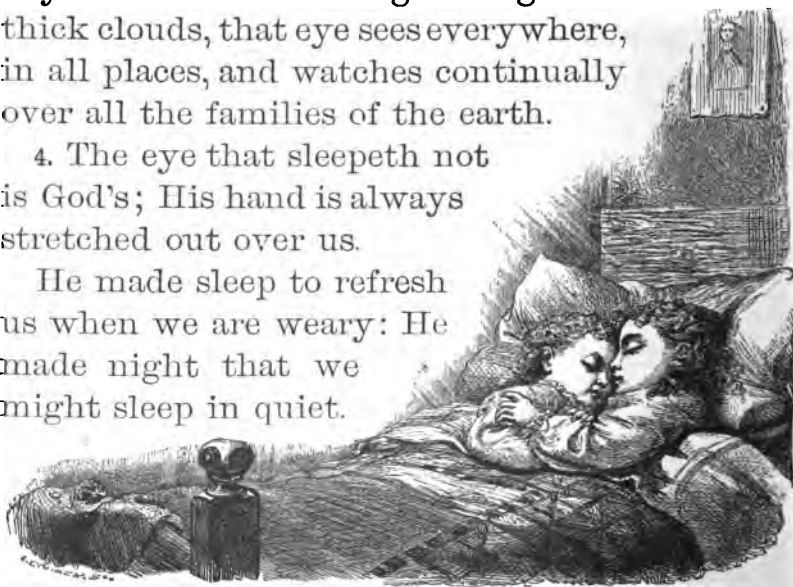
1. Who takes care of all people when they are sunk in sleep; when they cannot defend themselves, nor see if danger approaches?

2. There is an eye that never sleeps; there is an eye that sees in dark night as well as in the bright sunshine.

3. When there is no light of the sun, nor of the moon; when there is no lamp in the house, nor any little star twinkling through the thick clouds, that eye sees everywhere, in all places, and watches continually over all the families of the earth.

4. The eye that sleepeth not is God's; His hand is always stretched out over us.

He made sleep to refresh us when we are weary: He made night that we might sleep in quiet.



5. As the mother moves about the house with her finger on her lips, and stills every little noise that her infant be not disturbed,—as she draws the curtain around its bed, and shuts out the light from its tender eyes, so God draws the curtains of darkness around us; so He makes all things to be hushed and still, that His large family may sleep in peace.

MRS. BARBAULD.

LXXXIV. RUMPELSTILTSCHEN.—Part I.

im por'tance		tal'ent		in creased'		as ton'ished
neck'er chief		pal'ace		skil'ful		o ver joyed'

1. There was once a miller who was very poor, but he had a beautiful daughter. Now, it happened that he came to speak to the king, and, to give himself importance, he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

2. The king said, "That is a talent that pleases me well; bring her to-morrow to the palace, and I will see if she is as skilful as you say."

3. When the maiden was brought to him, he led her to a room full of straw, gave her a wheel and spindle, and said, "Now set to work, and if by the morrow this straw be not spun into gold,

you shall die." He locked the door, and left the maiden alone.

4. The poor girl could not for her life think what she was to do; for she knew not—how could she?—the way to spin straw into gold;



and her distress increased so much that at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened, and a little man entered, and said, "Good evening, my pretty miller's daughter; why are you weeping so bitterly?"

5. "Ah!" answered the maiden, "I must spin straw into gold, and I know not how to do it."

The little man said, "What will you give me if I do it for you?"

"My neckerchief," said the maiden.

6. He took the kerchief, sat down before the wheel, and grind, grind, grind—three times did he grind—and the spindle was full; then he put another thread on, and grind, grind, grind, the second was full; so he spun on till morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the spindles were full of gold.

7. The king came at sunrise, and was greatly astonished and overjoyed at the sight; but it only made his heart the more greedy of gold. He put the miller's daughter into another much larger room, full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all in one night.

8 The poor helpless maiden began to weep, when once more the door flew open, the little man appeared, and said, "What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?"

9. "My ring from my finger," answered the maiden.

The little man took the ring, began to turn the wheel, and, by the morning, all the straw was spun into shining gold.

LXXXV. RUMPELSTILTSCHEN. — Part II.

sat'is fied		quan'tity		dam'sel		im ag'ine
mes'sen ger		vi'o lence		u'su ally		fright'ened

1. The king was delighted when he saw it, but was not yet satisfied with the quantity of gold; so he put the damsel into a still larger room, and said, "Spin this during the night; and if you do it you shall be my wife." "For," he thought, "though she's only a miller's daughter, I shall never find a richer wife in the whole world."

2. As soon as the damsel was alone, the little man came the third time, and said, "What will you give me if I again spin the straw for you?"

"I have nothing more to give you," she said.

"Then promise, if you become queen, to give me your first child."

3. "Who knows how that may be, or how things may turn out between now and then?" thought the girl, but she could not help herself; so she promised the little man what he desired, and he spun all the straw into gold.

4. When the king came in the morning, and saw that his orders had been obeyed, he married the maiden, and the miller's beautiful daughter became a queen. After a year had passed, a lovely

baby came, but she quite forgot the little man, till he walked suddenly into her chamber, and said, "Give me what you promised me!"

5. The queen was frightened, and offered the dwarf all the riches of her kingdom, if he would only leave her her child; but he answered, "No; something living is dearer to me than all the treasures of the world."

6. Then the queen began to weep so bitterly that the little man took pity on her, and said, "I will give you three days; if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep the child."

7. All night long the queen thought over every name she had ever heard, and sent a messenger through the kingdom to inquire what names were usually given to people in that country. When, next day, the little man came again, she repeated all the names she knew; but at each one the little man said, "That is not my name."

8. The second day she again sent round about in all directions, to ask how the people were called, and repeated to the little man the strangest names she could hear of or imagine; to each he answered always, "That is not my name."

9. The third day the messenger returned and said, "I have not been able to find a single new

name; but as I came over a high mountain by a wood, where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I saw a little house, and before the house was burning a little fire, and round the fire danced a very funny little man, who hopped upon one leg, and cried out:—

“To-day I brew, to-morrow I bake;
Next day the queen's child I shall take;
How glad I am that nobody knows
My name is Rumpelstiltschen!”

10. You may guess how joyful the queen was at hearing this; and when, soon after, the little man entered, and said, “Queen, what is my name?” she asked him, “Is your name Kunz?”

“No.”

“Is your name Carl?”

“No.”

“Are you called Rumpelstiltschen?”

11. “A witch has told you that, a witch has told you!” shrieked the poor little man, and stamped so furiously with his right foot, that it sunk into the earth up to the hip; then he seized his left foot with both hands with such violence that he tore himself right in two.

“The Fairy Book.”

LXXXVI. WINTER ROSE.

GERMAN.



1. All the trees are leaf-less, and the north wind roars ;
2. I have given you water, set you in the light,
3. Soon the spring 'll be bring-ing pinks and vio-lets blue,
4. Ah! I see a ti - ny bud up - on your bough,



I've a lit-tle rose-bush that I keep in-doors.
 Made a fire to keep you warm e-nough at night;
 You'll be scarce-ly need-ed; now's the time for you.
 There's a pret - ty blos-som grow - ing for me now.



Close be-side my win-dow, in a box it grows,
 You've been kind-ly treat-ed, ev - ery - bod - y knows,
 Now when all a-round us lie the win-ter snows,
 Thank you, lit-tle rose-bush, now be - fore it blows;



Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you give to me a rose?
 Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you give to me a rose?
 Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you give to me a rose?
 Thank you, pret-ty rose-bush, for the com-ing rose.

LXXXVII. THE STORY OF KING MIDAS.

san'dals		shoul'ders		o'bey'ing		mis'er a ble'
pal'ace		twink'ling		groaned		in stant ly

1. A great many years ago there lived a very rich king. It took him many weeks just to count his gold pieces. But he wanted all the time to be getting richer. No matter how much he had, he wanted more. He gave all his time and thought to getting gold.

2. One day when he was counting his gold and looking very sad, a stranger appeared before him. "Why do you look so sad?" asked the stranger. The king answered, "Oh, if I could only turn everything I touch to gold!"

3. Now the stranger had a wonderful power which he could give to the king. So he said, "From to-morrow, everything you touch shall become gold."

4. That night the king could hardly sleep for joy. In the morning he raised his purple robe to place it on his shoulders. Instantly every thread was golden. He sat down to fasten his sandals. In a twinkling the chair in which he sat became golden. His sandals, too, the instant he touched them, changed to pure gold.



5. When he went for his morning walk, every flower became a golden flower. The path, and even the grass that he trod upon, became gold.

6. But even a king will get hungry. So Midas went back to the palace for his breakfast. We are not told what it was, but we may be sure it was a feast fit for a king. He asked for water. A glassful was given him, and the moment he put it to his lips it turned to gold.

7. The poor king could not drink gold. What was he to do? It was of no use to ask for another; that, too, would become gold in his hand. All the money in the world could not buy him a drink of water.

8. He sat down to eat. But every mouthful became gold the moment he put it to his lips. So he could eat nothing. With all his gold he would yet have to starve to death.

9. Then the stranger again appeared. The king, with tears in his eyes, begged him to take away the touch that turned everything to gold.

10. "Are you not happy, King Midas?" asked the stranger.

"I am most miserable," groaned the king. "I beg you to take away this hateful touch."

11. The stranger told the king to bathe in a stream near by, and the golden touch would leave him; and that water from the same stream would change back from gold anything on which he sprinkled it.

Midas lost no time in obeying. The water washed away the golden touch, but the sands of the river banks became golden, and it is said that grains of gold are to be found there to this day.

Midas was a happier king than he had ever been before.



LXXXVIII. A LESSON IN COURTESY.

cour'te sy		cov'ered		driv'en		ditch
car'ried		ea'sily		waist		mire

1. Tom's father was rich. He lived in a fine house in the country. Tom had a pony and many other pets, and was always well dressed. He came to think that being rich was better than anything else — better than being good.

He grew very rude and cross to those he thought below him.

2. One day Tom saw a boy standing at the gate. His hat was torn, and his feet were bare.

But he had a pleasant face. In one hand he carried a pail half full of blackberries.

"Go away," said Tom. "We are rich, and we don't want dirty, ragged boys around."

"Please give me a drink," said the boy. "If you are so rich, you can spare me a dipper of water."

3. "We can't spare you anything," said Tom. "If you don't go, I will set the dogs on you."

The boy laughed and walked away, swinging the tin pail in his hand.

"I think I will get some blackberries too," said Tom to himself. He went out of the gate, into a lane leading to a meadow where there were plenty of berries.

4. Tom saw some fine large ones growing just across a ditch. He thought he could leap over it easily. He gave a run and a very big jump. The ditch was wider than he had thought, and instead of going over, he came down in the middle of it.

5. The mud was thick and soft, and Tom sank down to his waist. He was frightened, and screamed for help. But he had not much hope that help would come, for he was a long way from any house.

He began to think he would have to spend the night in the ditch, when he heard steps on the grass.



Looking up, he saw the ragged boy he had driven from the gate.

6. "Please help me out," said Tom, crying. "I will give you a dollar."

"I don't want the dollar," said the boy, lying

flat on the grass. He held out both his hands to Tom, and drew him out of the ditch.

7. Tom was covered with mud, his hat was gone, and one shoe was lost in the ditch. He looked very miserable.

“Who is dirty now?” asked the boy.

“I am,” said poor Tom; “but I thank you very much for helping me out of the mire. And I am sorry I sent you away from the gate.”

8. “The next time I come, perhaps you will treat me better,” said the boy. “I am not rich, but I am stronger than you are, and I think I have better manners.”

“I think so too,” said Tom.

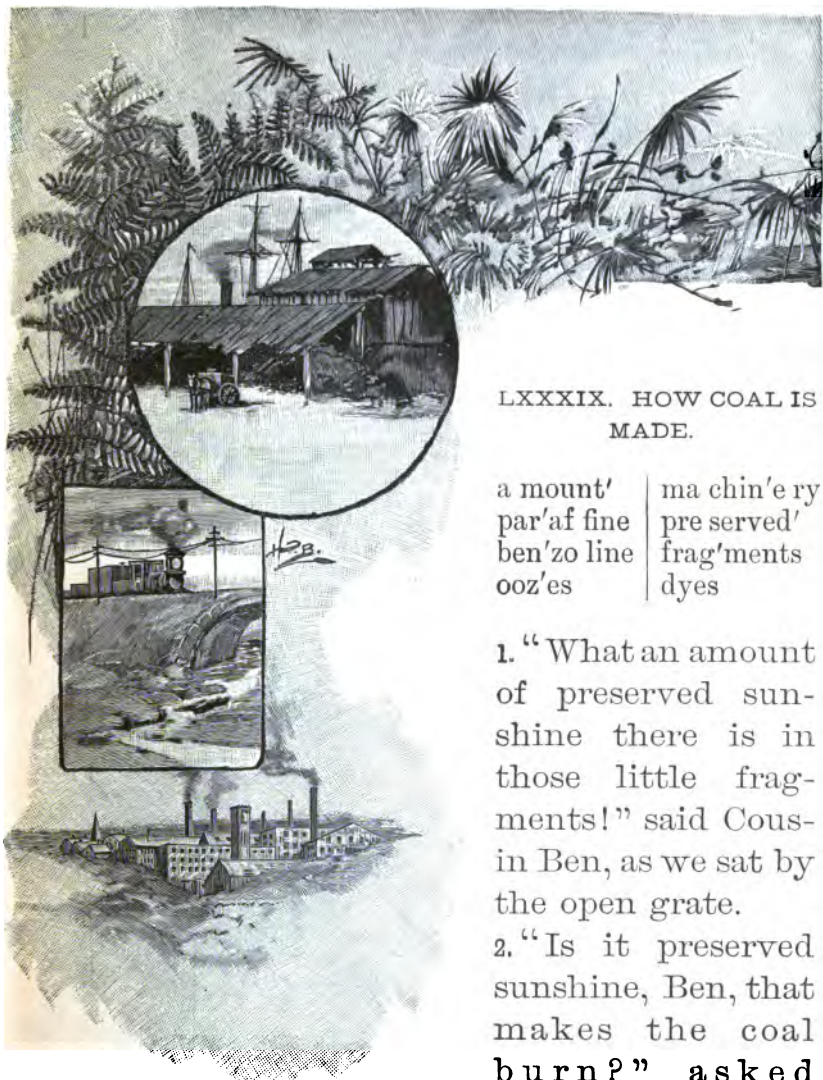
9. The next day, when Tom saw the boy going by the gate, he called him in, showed him his rabbits, doves, and little ducks, and gave him a ride on his pony.

“Thank you,” said the boy; “you have good manners now.”

“Yes,” said Tom; “I found them yesterday.”

LANGUAGE.

Write, in such a form as to keep, examples of acts of courtesy. Add one to the list each day, if possible, till you have a large number.



LXXXIX. HOW COAL IS
MADE.

a mount'	ma chin'e ry
par'af fine	pre served'
ben'zo line	frag'ments
ooz'es	dyes

1. "What an amount of preserved sunshine there is in those little fragments!" said Cousin Ben, as we sat by the open grate.

2. "Is it preserved sunshine, Ben, that makes the coal burn?" asked

Ralph. "Could sunshine get down into a deep coal mine?"

3. "Yes; the heat comes to us because the sunshine of a time long past was laid up for our use now. It is one of the best gifts our good Father has given us. It keeps our houses warm, and gives us the light we burn. All kinds of machinery are worked by it, from the steam engines that take us to town, to the factories where all our goods are made."

4. "I don't see how it was done," added Ralph, whose second question had not been answered.

"Have you never been told that coal is made from plants? Well, not one child of your age in a hundred knows that. The heat of the coal is what plants first took in from the sun.

5. "I have been in coal mines where I could see shapes of ferns and other leaves. It has taken many whole forests to make a single mine.

"Peat is the beginning of a coal mine before it grows hard. In it you would see the stems of plants plainly."

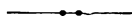
6. "Is coke coal not quite finished?" asked Ralph.

"No. Coke is what remains of coal when the gas that we burn has been driven out of it.

"Tar oozes out of lumps of coal, making little black bubbles. This is what paraffine and benzoline come from.

"Most of our beautiful dyes that we see in silks and woollens, and the flavors in our candies, come from coal tar also.

"Think of having heat, light, colors, and flavors stored up for our use deep down in the earth. Isn't it wonderful?"



XC. AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

mis'chief		um brel'la		char'acter		net'tle
na'tured		cru'el ty		sting'ing		urged

1. An old man and a boy were once walking through a wood.

The boy was a careless, good-natured little fellow, full of mischief and fun. The old man was wise and thoughtful.

2. It was a delightful day for a walk, and both the old man and the boy enjoyed the cool shade of the wood.

The man listened to the music of the pine-trees, while the boy was wondering why, in a wood where there were so many things to be

thrown at, there should be so few stones, and why all the bits of wood should be so rotten.

3. He tried to hit a blackbird, and the stick he had thrown fell back, broken into twenty pieces.

"Dear me!" said the old man, startled by the sound; "is that rain?"

"No, sir," said the boy; "it was I who threw a bit of dead wood. So it has rained umbrella handles, sir. Here is one of them."

4. "Always throwing, eh?" said the old man. "What pleasure do you find in trying to hurt the poor birds? I dare say you think yourself quite strong."

"I can throw ever so far when I have a good stone," said the boy.

5. "I don't mean that," the old man said; "but if you are so strong, let me see you pull up that old tree."

"You are laughing at me, sir," said the boy; "not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men, could do that."

6. "But try," said the man.

"It's no use," urged the boy, whose arms could not reach around the huge trunk of the tree; "I can't do it."

"I knew you could not," added the old man.

"Now I'll try you on an easier task. Are you able to pull up one of those stinging nettles yonder?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "of course I am strong enough for that; but they hurt one's fingers. I'd rather not, sir, if you please."

7. "Well, well; we will leave both the oak and the nettle alone.

"The oak you cannot pull up, for it was old while your grandfather was yet a boy like you, and has grown stronger in all the years.

"And you do not wish to pull the nettle, because it hurts you to do it.

8. "It is thus, my boy, with all bad habits. Either we cannot get rid of them because they are too strongly rooted in us, or else we do not wish to touch them because it hurts our feelings.

9. "You do not understand this very well now, but remember it, and try to root out, when they first spring up, the ill weeds of your character.

"There's a touch of cruelty in all our natures, boy. Left to itself, it may be in time as strong as the oak and as stinging as the nettle."

LANGUAGE.

Ways to avoid forming bad habits, and also to overcome those already formed.

XCI. THE BANIAN TREE.

ban'ian
thriv'ing

ex tend'ed
cu'ri ous

touch
sprout

sin'gu lar
anx'ious

1. One day a bird, flying over a forest, dropped a seed. It fell into the crown of beautiful leaves that grew at the top of a palm-tree.

2. The bird flew away, and the little seed lay as if forgotten. Under the hot sun and warm rains it began to sprout. One little rootlet and then another began to fix themselves in the crown of dark, handsome leaves.

3. The tree was its home, the place given it to grow in. Presently the roots became larger and extended themselves downward. They wound round and round the tree like a net.

4. The palm-tree was in a forest, and for a time it reared its stately head among the trees. The roots clasped it more and more firmly, however, till its sap could no longer flow as it used to do.

The palm-tree drooped, and hung its head.

5. Still the roots kept their hold. They reached the ground, and were as firmly fixed there as those of the palm.

The palm was slowly dying, while the new

roots were living and thriving. They belonged to a kind of fig-tree called the banian.

6. The banian is a very curious tree. It does not often grow by being set in the ground as other trees do.

Sometimes the birds of the air drop the seed, as in the case of this one; but there is another way that is even more singular.

7. When a tree is nearly grown, its branches begin to send down long, slender shoots. They sway about in the wind till they are long enough to touch the ground. Then each slender shoot will strike rootlets into the soil and become a stem.



These soon grow thick and strong, and while they are new trees, are also like so many props to the old one.

8. Year by year the banian and its props keep on growing. Its branches spread out far and wide.

It may have a hundred props, and it is said that seven thousand men might rest beneath its shadow!

In that hot country how gladly do men and animals welcome the broad, spreading shade!

9. The poor tired Hindoo sits under it to rest. He is so anxious to have the props of a young tree grow that he ties wet moss upon the branches to make them bud.

10. Then, when the shoot has grown, he makes a little case of bamboo for it, and waxes it down to the ground. It usually takes root, and though only a slender thread, grows into a strong stem.

11. The herdsman sometimes makes the banian-tree his hut. To do this, he weaves the branches together, and fills up the space between the stems.

Thus he has a shady dwelling from which he can look out upon his flock.

STUDY.

Find out where India, the country of the banian, is, and what climate it has.

XCII. THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

phil os'o pher | meas ur ing | dif fi cul ty | dis cov'ery

1. Rob is the owner of a foot-rule and a yard-stick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden walks, fences, and other things about the place.

He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure, to see how near he came to it.

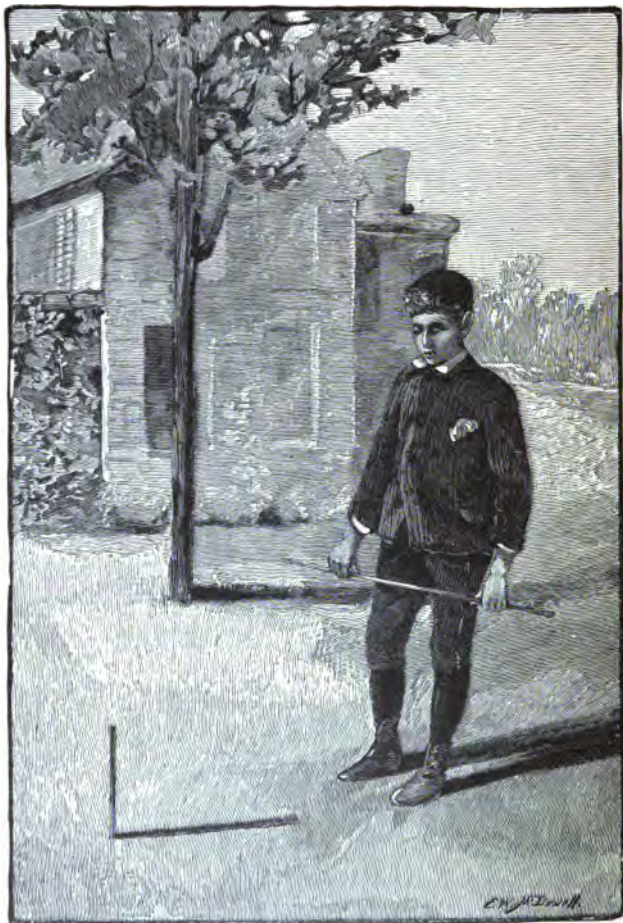
2. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short, and at other times very long.

At length, however, he discovered that it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon, then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear.

3. He also learned that twice each day (once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon) his shadow was exactly of the same length as himself.

There is a beautiful maple near the house, which runs up tall and slim. Rob longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it.

4. One morning he noticed the long shadow of



this tree plainly marked on the smooth, green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him.

Why might he not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow?

He drove a stake into the ground, and found that its shadow was longer now than the stake. But he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched.

5. In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Bob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet, and he felt sure that this was the height of the maple.

He was delighted with his discovery, and said he should some time try to measure the distance to the moon.



XCIII. AN INDIAN MOVING.

of'fi cer		wig'wam		lodge-poles		fur'ni ture
pap poo ses		earth'en		in'ter est ed		be long'ing

1. Harry's papa is an officer in the army, so Harry lives in a fort out on the plains. He sees a great many queer sights.

One day he saw some Indians moving. Indians live in wigwams, and do not have any furniture. They do not move from one wig-

wam to another. They move wigwam and all from place to place. They do not have wagons, but carry their things on the backs of horses.

2. The Indians rode on horses, with the pap-pooes on their backs and the half-grown chil-



dren sitting before or behind them. The skins and blankets belonging to the wigwams were tied up, and the bundles were fastened to the backs of pack-horses. The lodge-poles were tied to the sides of the horses, so that one end of them dragged on the ground, as in the picture.

3. The Indians stopped a few hours not a great distance from the fort, and Hal went with the soldiers to see them. They were friendly Indians; that is, they were friendly just then. Perhaps the next time they would see them the Indians would be ready to fight about something.

4. Hal thought at first that it would be great fun to live like the Indians; but he soon changed his mind. When he saw still more of them he was very certain he would not like it. He was sure he would not like to sleep among such dirty skins and blankets, or to eat such food as they did.

5. The moving party Hal went to see were cooking their dinner. They had built fires on the ground. They cooked their meat on sticks over the fire, and stewed a good many queer things in large earthen pots.

6. One of the officers told Hal that the Indians were very fond of stewed puppies. Hal did not know whether to believe that or not. The Indians all helped themselves out of the same dish. They seemed to think it quite right to dip their fingers in and fish out the piece they liked best.

7. Some of the little Indians were almost pretty.

There was one who came up to Hal and looked him over. He was interested in his clothes. After a while he went away and brought two large feathers for Hal to put in his hat. Hal stuck them in and laughed. The little Indian laughed too; but they could not talk to each other, for neither could understand what the other said. The Indians stayed near the fort until after dinner; then they moved off toward their new home.



XCIV. THE CAMEL.

col lec'tion	nos'trils	im prov'ing	pa'tient
fa'vor ites	weights	Ar a'bia	crea'tures
drom'e da ry	switch	ed u ca'tion	val'ued

1. There was once brought me from London a collection of pictures of the most remarkable animals of the world.

I was young enough to think of them all as real living creatures, and soon had my favorites among them.

2. The camel would never have known by the way I treated him that he had the first place, but I think I always valued him more highly than any of the others.

"You are so clumsy and awkward," I used to say to my camel; "I would much rather not be so wonderful and be a little more beautiful."

3. "Your back is too high, and, though your neck is so long, you do not carry your head well. If only you had ears like my horse, and thin graceful legs and feet, it would be better, even if you could not have a smooth, bright coat of hair."

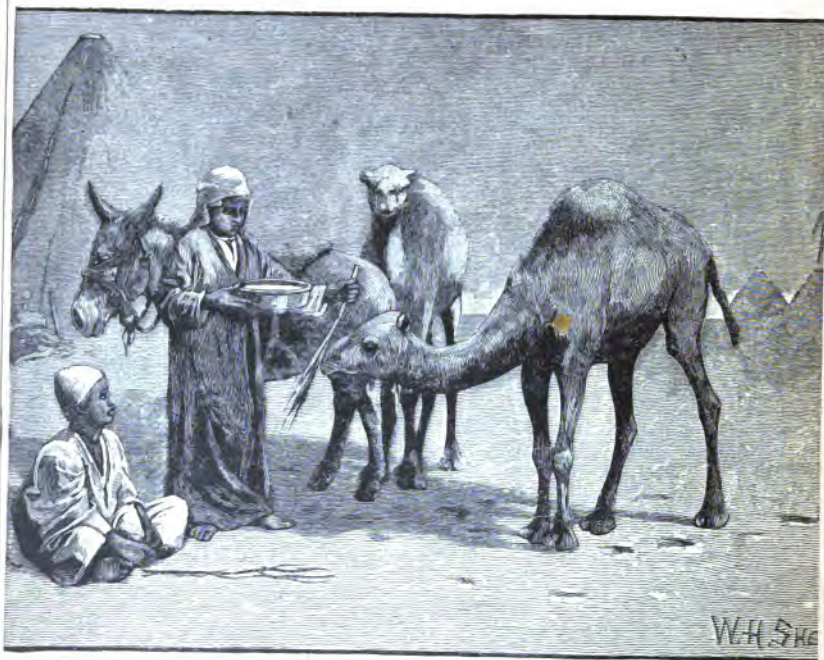
4. Then I would fancy my favorite felt ill-used, for camels do have a sad, patient look, and I would take his part against myself.

I made my proud horse admit that he would be good for nothing in a desert. I talked for the camel, and asked the horse if he could cover his eyes without shutting out the light, and close his nostrils, also, from the fine hot sand the air would be full of. And if he would find his small hard hoofs and iron shoes useful in the deep loose sand.

5. The horse did not mind my talk, and neither seemed to wish to grow more like the other. It is only human beings that can think about improving, and we cannot change the form God has given us.

6. There are two kinds of camels. The bactrian lives in Turkey and some parts of China, and has two humps on its back.

The dromedary lives in Arabia, and has but



one hump. How would you like to have a baby-dromedary about three feet high?

7. When the little dromedaries are about two months old, their owner begins to train them for their work.

8. He makes them kneel every day for several hours. A piece of carpet covers them so that only the head and neck are seen. To prevent them from getting up, he puts heavy weights on the edges of the covering. This training goes on for four months.

9. Then the Arab children become their teachers and keepers. It is a pretty sight to see them, twice a day, feeding the little camels. In one hand they carry a bowl of camel's milk, and in the other a tiny switch.

10. After the bowls are empty, the children give the camels a touch on the legs with the switch. Down they all drop on their knees.

The education goes on week after week and month after month, till the children and their pupils become very fond of each other.

11. The camel is full grown at the age of eight years. Its food is chiefly grass, or if that is not to be had, it seems equally well pleased with the nettles, thistles, or other coarse, prickly plants found in its long journeys.

LANGUAGE.

Write ways in which the camel is made useful like the horse, the ox, the cow, the sheep, the elephant.

XCV. THE ELEPHANT.

ma'hout		pa'tient ly		o be'di ent		mov'ing
awk'ward		e'ven ly		del'i cate		o bliged'

1. Not so wonderful, perhaps, but wiser, larger, and stronger than the camel is the elephant.

If we knew him well we should think him the noblest of animals.

In India, elephants are too common to be in shows, but sailors like to watch the trained animals at work in the ship-yards, moving timbers.

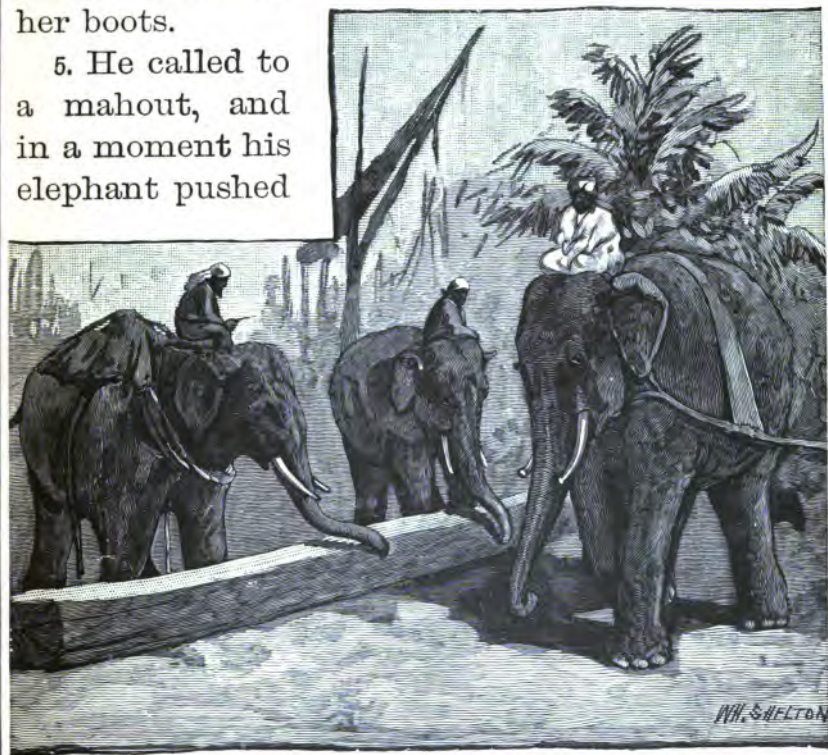
2. Besides drawing great logs by a chain, they will lift them with their trunks, and carry them on their tusks; and will pile them evenly, pushing them into place with the right foot.

3. When an elephant has dragged a log to the right spot he will unhook and free the chain with the finger of his trunk. His driver, called a mahout, sits sideways on a wooden saddle on the elephant's back, and makes signs by touching his side with his foot. The intelligent beast understands what is wanted of him. Sometimes one is obliged to hold his head so high that he cannot see where he is going; but he moves on blindly and patiently.

4. One day some people were landing, when the

tide was out, and the wharf very muddy. There was a lady on board, and the captain would not allow her to soil her boots.

5. He called to a mahout, and in a moment his elephant pushed



down the slope a log, fixing it just right for a walk across the dirty space.

6. These huge beasts are proud of their strength. They do not like to do work which makes them

look awkward; but they are obedient, and make the best of it.

7. You have seen the elephant eat and drink, perhaps, picking up food and sucking up water with his long trunk. One could hardly believe the stout, strong trunk could bend around to put each mouthful of food into the mouth beneath. There is hardly a thing so strong or so delicate that he cannot lift it safely.

8. If kindly treated, he is loving and gentle, and may be trusted. An elephant was once very fond of the baby in his master's family. The nurse would take the little one in its cradle, put it between the elephant's feet, and go away.

9. The great creature would watch over it, and move his trunk like a fan to keep off the flies. If baby woke, he would rock the cradle back and forth, to get it off to sleep again.

10. An elephant in a circus was once in pain, and a doctor gave him some medicine which cured him. On the next day, when the circus passed the house, the elephant saw the doctor in his doorway and went to him to caress him with his trunk. Having shown his gratitude, he marched forward again with the rest.

XCVI. HAVING THE LAST WORD.

for'feit	ar'gu ment	Ju'no	cheat'ed
nymph	Nar cis'sus	Jove	tongue

1. Long ago, in the mountains of Greece, there lived a beautiful nymph. In our times she would be called a fairy. This is her Greek name,—Ἠχώ. The English word for it is Echo.

2. Echo's great delight was in woods and hills. She gave herself up to woodland sports, and but for one fault she might have lived a long and merry life.

3. This fault she seems to have taken no pains to overcome. I have known children who had it too. She was fond of talking, and, whether in chat or argument, would always have the last word.

4. Juno, one of the rulers in that country, when seeking Jove, her husband, one day met Echo in the wood. By her talk Echo contrived to retain Juno till she should miss seeing her husband, and so fail in her purpose. Juno was very angry, and this was the punishment Echo received from her

5. "You shall forfeit," she said, "the use of the tongue with which you cheated me, except for

the one thing you are so fond of doing. You may still have the last word, but you shall have no power to speak first."

6. It was not long before Echo was made to feel the pain of her punishment. A beautiful youth, called Narcissus, came upon the mountain in chase. Echo saw him, and longed to speak with him. Alas! she could not. She followed him, and waited for him to address her. Her reply was ready, but he did not speak.

7. At last, however, Narcissus strayed from his companions, and missing them, called, "Who's here?"

Echo at once replied, "Here!"

Seeing no one, Narcissus called, "Come!" and Echo answered, "Come!" As no one came, the youth called, "Come and join me!" and in clear tones Echo asked the same of him, and hastened to the spot.

8. Not expecting to see a stranger, Narcissus started back, and Echo in shame hid herself in a deep place in the rocks.

From that time forth she has dwelt always in caves and among cliffs. Her form has faded, her flesh has shrunk away, and her bones have changed to rock.

9. Nothing is left of the beautiful nymph but her voice. Echo is never seen, but she is still ready to reply to any one who calls. She can still have the last word.



XCVII. WHAT?

shoal		puz'zle		sheen'y		an'swer
rogue		rid'dle		wag'on		dim'pled

What was it that Charlie saw to-day,
 Down in the pool where the cattle play?
 A shoal of the spotted trout at play
 Or a sheeny dragon-fly?

The fly and the fish were there indeed;
 But as for the puzzle, guess again!
 It was neither a shell, nor flower, nor reed,
 Nor the nest of a last year's wren.

Some willows droop to the brooklet's bed.
 Who knows but a bee had fallen down,
 Or a spider swung from his broken thread,
 Was learning the way to drown?

You have not read me the riddle yet:
 Not even the wing of a wounded bee,

Nor the web of a spider torn and wet,
Did Charlie this morning see.

Now answer, you who have grown so wise!
What could the wonderful sight have been
But the dimpled face and the great blue eyes
Of the rogue who was looking in?

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

LANGUAGE.

As an echo is a reflection of sound, an image, like that which Charlie saw, is a reflection of light from some object.

Write short accounts of examples of reflection.

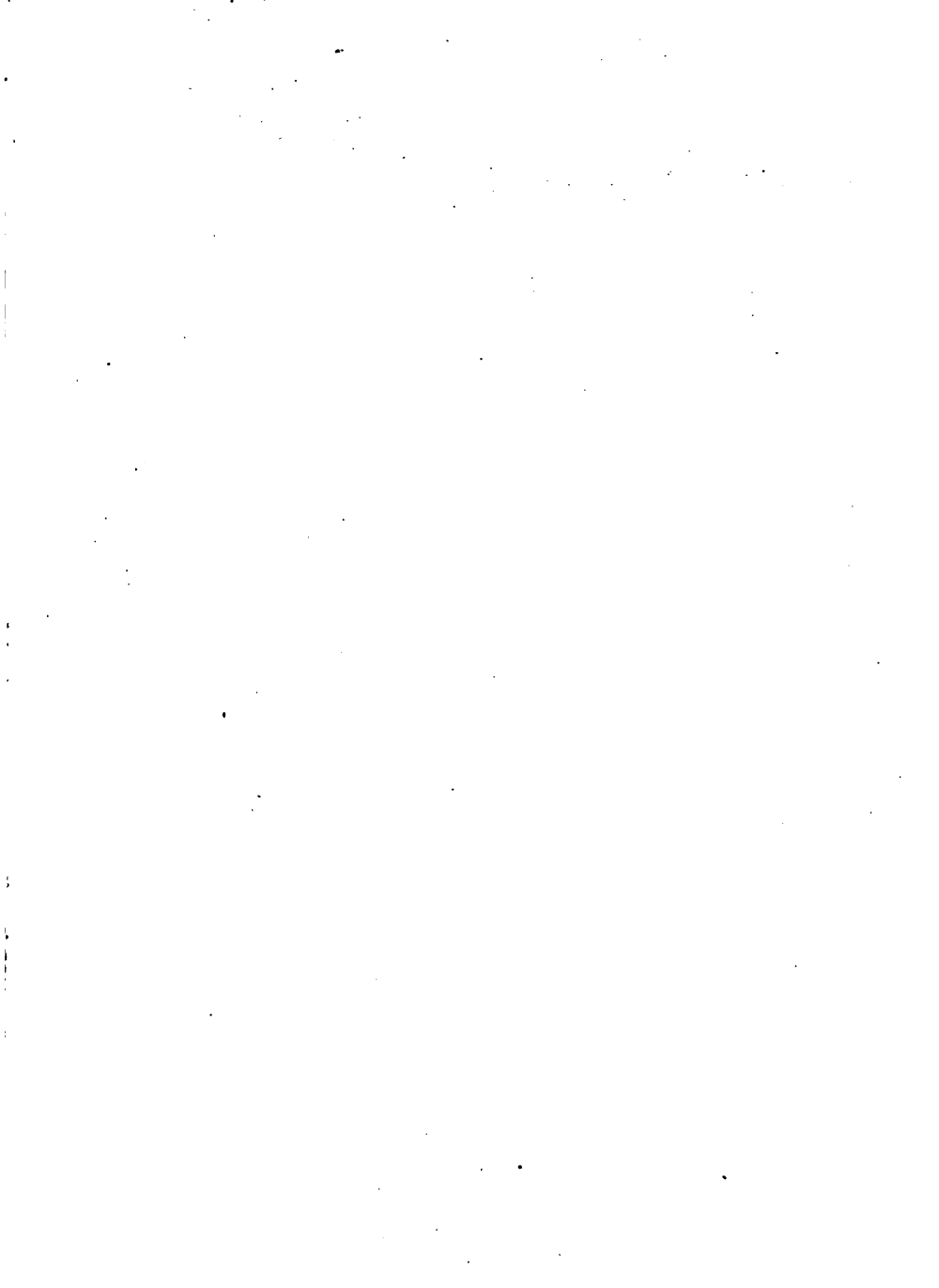


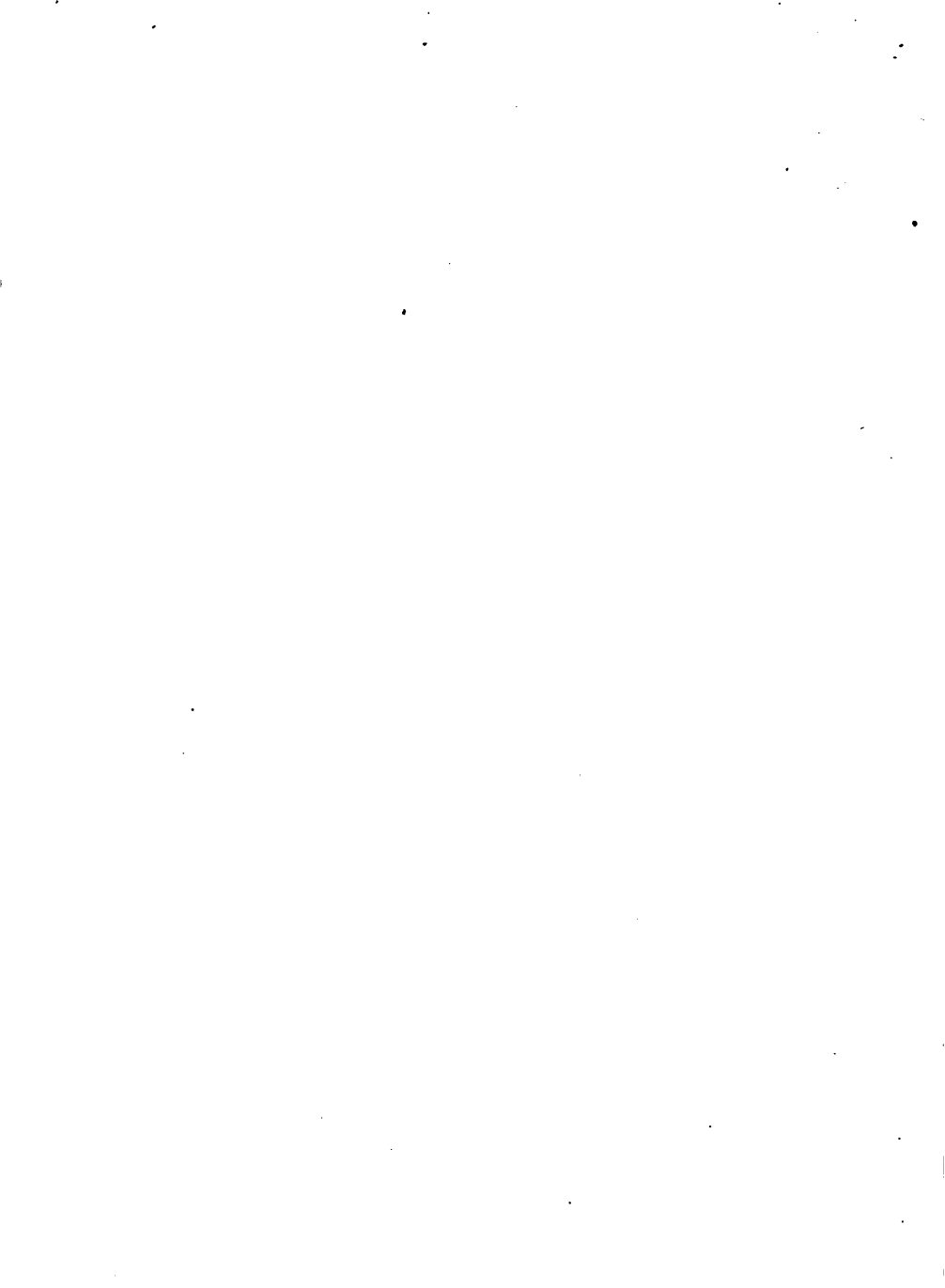
XCVIII. A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.





Mary Rice Bancroft



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